

THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS.



NOT A DROP IS SOLD TILL IT'S SEVEN YEARS OLD

John Jameson

★★★ WHISKEY

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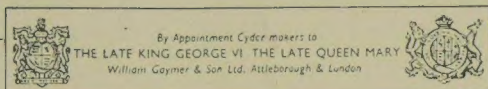
WHAT'S A **POLLYHISTOR**?

The Oxford Dictionary defines a Polyhistor as a wise man, but a POLLYhistor is very wise indeed. He insists on 'POLLY' with his "Scotch."

Apollinaris

Natural Sparkling Water — bottled at the Spring.

* CIGARETTES by ABDULLA *



Gaymer's
CYDER

Preferred by people of good taste

Women like ...
JAEGER
... So do men

Grant's
Stand Fast
Scotch Whisky

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*Backed by over a
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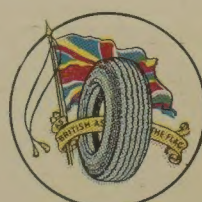


"...blew on the King's face leaves of gold..."



One of the most colourful coronation processions in English history occurred on the occasion of the coronation of the boy king, Richard II. It is this coronation that gives us, for the first time, a detailed written precedent for future coronations, for the 'Liber Regalis' describes every part of the event including the procession from the Tower, thus: "Imprimis—the king to be newly crowned, the day before his coronation, shall be brought forth in royal robes and shall ride from the Tower of London to his Palace of Westminster, with his head uncovered, being accompanied on horseback by his temporal lords, his nobles, the commons of

London and other his servants." So it was done, and done in great splendour. Another record tells us that: "A castle was erected at the upper end of the Cheape, with four towers, on two sides of which ran wine. In these towers four beautiful damsels, with white vestures, blew on the King's face leaves of gold, and threw before him and his horse counterfeit golden florins . . . This was said to be the most striking of the pageants." Today the procession from the Tower no longer takes place, but these golden moments in the story of our Kings and Queens glow upon the pages of the world's history.



SPECIALLY PAINTED BY TREFOR JONES FOR **DUNLOP**



Why do you see AUSTIN wherever you go?

ONE OF THESE DAYS, just for the fun of it, tot up the number of Austins you see. Fantastic! Now nothing becomes as popular as that without good reason; without several good reasons. What have these cars got that others haven't?

Let's take one out and see. Let's take the A40 Somerset.

FIRST — APPEARANCE

Here is a very handsome car indeed. Four doors, forward-hinged for safety; the rear doors really wide, each with a special safety lock.



Open the roomy boot and the lid forms a platform to make it even roomier. Slip into the car and you

find what the experts call a "particularly well found interior". We call it pretty good ourselves!

ROOM — WITH A VIEW

Restful shock-absorbing foam rubber seats. Covered, in the Somerset, with leather of the finest quality. Cubby holes beneath the seats. For rear seat passengers, toe supports. And, cunningly, the front seats can be moved independently, or brought together to seat three in comfort.

From the driving position, visibility couldn't be better — forward (deep curved wind-screen) or back (large rear window); and the falling bonnet line gives a splendid road-view.



The exhilarating A40 Somerset, powered by the record-breaking O.H.V. engine. Ample space, a roomy boot and superb finish. Price: £472 plus £197.15. 10 purchase tax.

THE WORD IS "EXHILARATING"

You switch on, gently move the steering-column gear-lever to 2nd—and 7 seconds later you're down the road doing 30. What an exhilarating, lord-and-masterful experience it is, moving this fine saloon along with the least touch of your foot. One minute you can be poised and purring at a standstill. The next you can be passing other cars in the most nonchalant way at well over 60.

And in safety. The Somerset stays as close to the ground as a bear-skin rug. Over rough

roads your ride is joyfully smooth; and over long stretches of reasonable going the car moves sweetly, quietly, untiringly. Pace - with - safety - with-ease!



THANK THIS GREAT ENGINE

Behind the Somerset's power-packed performance is a great O.H.V. engine, designed to give the greatest possible power with the greatest possible economy. "The Motor", which knows about such things and measures its praise, says it has . . . "an all-round performance which suggests an engine of at least 1½ litres capacity". This remarkable statement is more than justified. The Somerset will, in

top gear, accelerate from 40 to 60 m.p.h. in only 19.4 secs. And climb a 1 in 20 hill at 58 m.p.h.!

SEE YOUR DEALER

You can drive for 300 miles in this Somerset—and want to drive on. It is restful, well-warmed, dust-sealed, sound-proofed. At your journey's end it is the handiest of cars to park. And you will find it most economical to buy and to run.

See your Austin dealer about it as soon as you can.

AUSTIN

—you can depend on it!



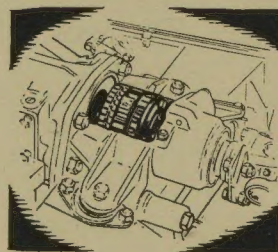
By Appointment to the late King George VI
Manufacturers of Land-Rovers
The Rover Company Ltd.

The ROVER Seventy Five



Rover worth goes deep

As the years roll by and the miles mount up the Rover owner realizes with pleasure that he was right in choosing this fine car. For, in design, in construction and in finish the Rover is built to give many years of trouble-free life and to be a constant delight in handling and performance. That's why there's always a buyer waiting for a used Rover.



Few cars offer this delightful driving aid. Gear changing without touching the clutch—and reduced fuel consumption—can be obtained merely by turning a knob on the dashboard. Fixed drive can be resumed just as simply.

THE ROVER COMPANY LIMITED • SOLIHULL • BIRMINGHAM also DEVONSHIRE HOUSE • LONDON

CVS-211



Which family has taken the Test Match to the sea-side?

Of course, it's the one with the aerial on their car—the aerial of an 'H.M.V.' car radio. While the youngsters play their own game of cricket on the sand Dad is enjoying the drama of the Test Match, brought vividly to life by the B.B.C. commentators. Wherever they motor, this family with the 'H.M.V.' car radio take with them the major news events of the year—in sport, in entertainment,

and (in this Coronation year especially) in the living history of Britain.

Car radio quiets restless children, shortens tedious journeys, makes driving pleasanter and safer.* The car radio that the makers of 24 famous British cars exclusively fit and recommend is 'H.M.V.' Why not talk to your Radiomobile dealer about an 'H.M.V.' radio for your car?

* Boredom, as well as distraction, can divert attention from the road.

"HIS MASTER'S VOICE" CAR RADIO

MARKETED BY **SMITHS** *R*adiomobile

S. SMITH & SONS (RADIOMOBILE) LIMITED, GOODWOOD WORKS, NORTH CIRCULAR RD., LONDON, N.W.2.

MAKE MOTORING REALLY SAFE

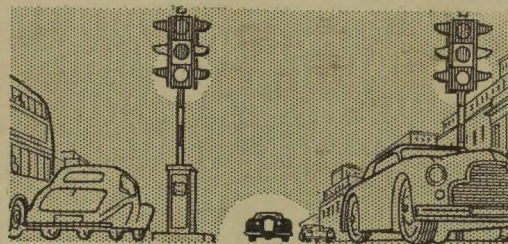
WITH FERODO THE ANTI-FADE BRAKE LININGS

* When did you
last have your
brakes tested?

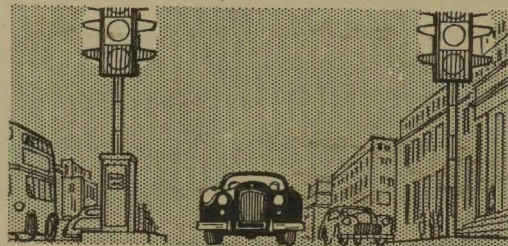
Brakes become inefficient so gradually that you may not be aware of it. Why not have them checked at a local garage displaying this sign? When a re-line is necessary—insist on

FERODO
BRAKE LININGS

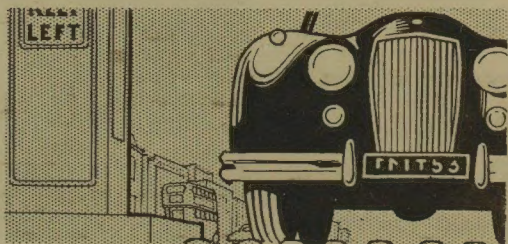
FERODO LIMITED • CHAPEL-EN-LE-FRITH
A Member of the Turner & Newall Organisation

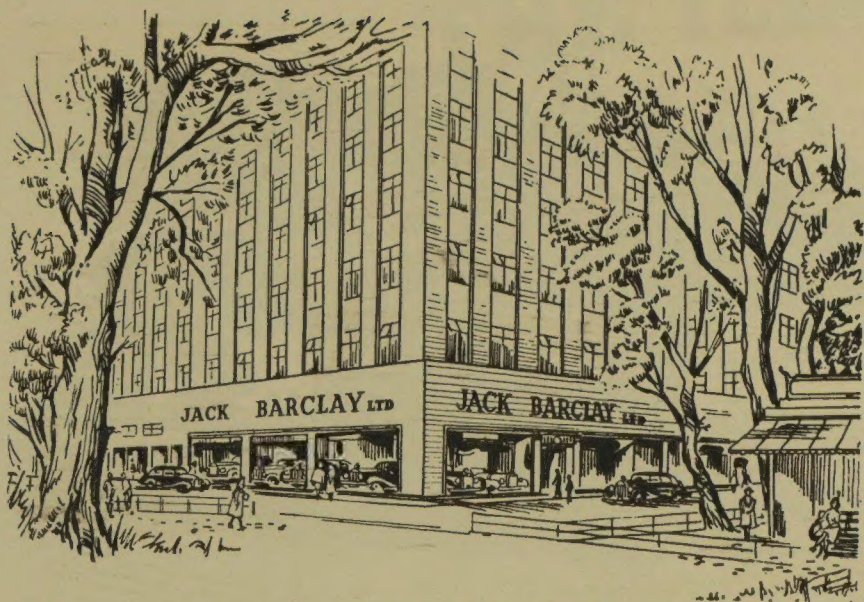


Brake drums are rather like people—they're apt to get rather hot and bothered. And a brake drum at 300° centigrade is quite hot enough to be bothered about... especially when a brake lining continues to be pressed against it with some force! With the searing heat of a brake drum as partner, linings sometimes will fade or lose efficiency.



Ferodo Limited believe in research and testing and then more research and more testing, which is why Ferodo anti-fade brake linings will give you safer, smoother, more reliable braking under the trying conditions of modern motoring. Your guarantee that genuine Ferodo anti-fade linings have been fitted is the orange and black label which the garage will attach to your steering wheel after a re-line.

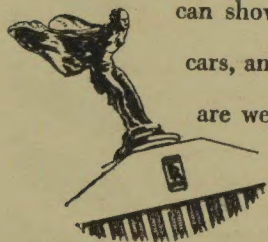




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The Largest Official Retailers of ROLLS-ROYCE & BENTLEY

It is our desire to sell only the World's best cars—Rolls-Royce and Bentley. That is why our new London Showrooms are devoted exclusively to these famous cars. We can show you the best selection of new and used cars, and offer exceptional after sales service. You are welcome to call, or write for our Stock List.



MAYFAIR 7444

Service Works: Liberty 7222

K.L.G.

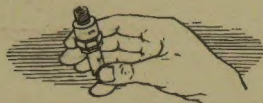
Built-in Ignition Suppressors

- * Kill interference with television
- * Prolong plug life
- * Help cold starting

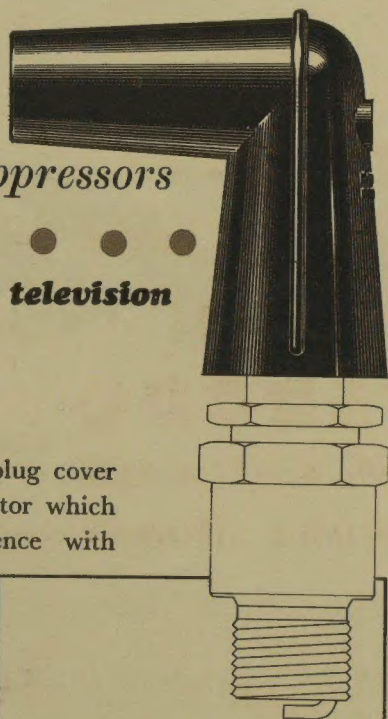
This K.L.G. Type 'PS' waterproof plug cover contains a built-in 15,000-ohm resistor which effectively suppresses spark interference with television and radio.



Army tests have proved that a properly suppressed spark is a positive help to cold starting. In a cold engine, the explosive violence of an unsuppressed spark disperses droplets of petrol before it can ignite them. Suppression cures this.



Proper suppression prolongs plug life because it restricts the spark current to the amount required, and damps out surge currents which can only burn electrodes away before their time.



THE K.L.G. TYPE 'PS'
WATERPROOF PLUG COVER
WITH BUILT-IN IGNITION
SUPPRESSOR

Price **2/6** each

ALSO the 'SS' Type (straight) waterproof cover with built-in suppressor. Price 4/- each

ALSO 6 plugs with built-in suppressors, F50R, FE50R, TFS50R, F70R, M50R, and TMB50R. Price 7/6 each

K.L.G. built-in Ignition
Suppressors help radio, T.V.
and plug performance

one of SMITHS accessories for better motoring



BY APPOINTMENT SILVERSMITHS
TO THE LATE KING GEORGE VI

AN ANNOUNCEMENT

THE Directors of The Goldsmiths & Silversmiths Company Ltd, wish to announce an important change in the name of the Company.

This change has been made in order to avoid the confusion caused through the similarity of the present name to those of other firms in London and the provinces, and with whom The Goldsmiths & Silversmiths Company have no connection. The new name will be **GARRARD & CO. LTD.** Under this title and at the one address, 112 Regent Street, W.1, we shall continue the proud traditions of the two Companies, and of more than two centuries of fine craftsmanship and high service.

The Directors are also happy to state that the appointment as Her Majesty's Crown Jewellers has been vested in this House under its new name—

GARRARD & CO. LTD.

Crown Jewellers

formerly

THE GOLDSMITHS & SILVERSMITHS COMPANY LTD.

112 Regent Street London W.1

NUMBER '112' IS OUR ONLY ADDRESS • TELEPHONE: REGENT 3021



BRITAIN'S BEST ASSET YET WE STARVE IT OF CAPITAL!

The Prime Minister has said: "It is just as important to wring the last ounce of food from our land now as it was during the dark days of the war." Yet our farmers are today unable to increase output through lack of capital.

Something must be done, if we are to raise our food production to the 60% above pre-war target set by the Government. Capital is urgently needed, not only for better mechanisa-

tion, but also for electrification of farms, building of roads and building of houses for farmworkers. Long-term loans at low interest—not the extremely high 5½% at present demanded—must be made to farmers. Greater incentives are needed to encourage greater efforts on the land. If we take these steps now, we can make certain of that extra food we need so urgently to establish a sound economy.

HARRY FERGUSON LTD.

Ferguson tractors are manufactured for Harry Ferguson Ltd., Coventry, by The Standard Motor Co. Ltd.

THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS

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SATURDAY, JULY 11, 1953.



THE QUEEN IN ULSTER: HER MAJESTY, THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH SEATED TO THE RIGHT OF HER, RECEIVES LOYAL ADDRESSES FROM BOTH HOUSES OF THE PARLIAMENT OF NORTHERN IRELAND, IN JOINT SESSION.

The Queen and the Duke of Edinburgh were received in Northern Ireland with fervent enthusiasm. Their engagements on July 2 included the visit to Stormont to receive loyal addresses from the Senate and the House of Commons. Her Majesty was received by the Speaker of the Senate, Sir Roland Nugent, and the Speaker of the House of Commons, Sir Norman Stronge, in their robes of office. In the Great Hall members of both Houses were assembled. The Royal

procession down the staircase, which was lined by Yeomen of the Guard who had come from London for the occasion, was led by the Clerk of the Parliaments in wig and robe, and the Governor of Northern Ireland, Lord Wakehurst, in full-dress uniform, with Lady Wakehurst; and a flourish of trumpets announced the arrival of the Queen. Further photographs of important events of her Majesty's Coronation visit to Northern Ireland from July 1-3 appear on other pages.



By ARTHUR BRYANT.

"THE wisdom of your forefathers," wrote Disraeli, "placed the prize of supreme power without the sphere of human passions. Whatever the struggle of parties, whatever the strife of factions . . . there has always been something in this country round which all classes and parties could rally, representing the majesty of the law, the administration of justice, and involving . . . the security of every man's right and the fountain of honour." If that be so—and who in England after the events of this summer can doubt it?—how great must be our debt to those who have transmitted and preserved this institution to us! In particular, to the great wearers of the Crown itself—the creators, like Alfred, Henry II. and Edward I., and the three majestic Tudors; the preservers, like Charles I., who so nearly by folly destroyed what in the end he saved by sacrifice, and the shrewd, long-lived Victoria, and our own two faithful Georges in this destructive, revolutionary age. And equally great is the debt we owe to those statesmen who, seeing at a time when it was not fully realised, the true nature of the monarchy, contended against powerful but less far-sighted conceptions to preserve it. Of these lay preservers of the Crown the last in order of time was Stanley Baldwin, whose handling of a tragic human and political dilemma, which had in it the explosive force of an appalling social cataclysm, has always seemed to me beyond praise. Britain, in that bewildered moment, had to choose, not between the Throne and a man who was unworthy of it—that would have been easy—but between the future preservation of the Throne, at a time when great tempests were blowing up from a dark and cloudy international and industrial horizon, and the eagerly-awaited enthronement of a young King who was deeply beloved throughout the whole Commonwealth and who had done greater service as heir to the Crown than any heir-apparent since the "Lord Edward" in the thirteenth century. Yet it was impossible, as Baldwin saw, with such firm yet gentle and sorrowful clarity, for the King to proceed on his chosen and deeply moving and chivalrous personal course without splitting the country over the very institution which was its one certain sheet-anchor of unity in the approaching storm. And this the King, who would never have hesitated for a moment to make any voluntary sacrifice for his country and, in fact, with the greatest dignity did so, could not himself see clearly; a fact which is revealed by his own otherwise so discerning and wholly disarming book, which in its earlier part is one of the first two, or three, best autobiographies of our century. It is only when one appreciates the full personal stature of King Edward VIII., both realised and potential, that the immense tragedy of the dilemma that Baldwin in his last year of office was called upon to solve becomes apparent. But, happily for Britain, and thanks to him, the tragedy lay wholly in the solving, not at all in the sequel. The sequel we saw the other day, in that transfigured moment when our young Queen, so noble in her humility and so radiant and beautiful in the love of her people, went to her crowning.

There have been other English statesmen who, in a time of crisis, have done noble service in preserving the monarchy—Disraeli himself, and General Monk—for ever commemorated in his Regiment, the Coldstream Guards—and his colleague, the historian-statesman, Clarendon, who suffered penury with his exiled King in the darkest hour of all and gave England, through his daughter, two Queens regnant. Nor should we forget those gallant men and women of all ranks, including the very humblest, who, during the Interregnum, followed literally old Colonel Wyndham's advice to his sons and, remaining constant to the Crown, though it hung on a bush, faced death and torture to save Charles II. after Worcester. Yet I think the greatest of all the Englishmen who helped to save our historic Crown was the Lincolnshire Cardinal whom Pope Innocent III. imposed on a reluctant King and people at the beginning of the thirteenth century. Usually when we think of Stephen Langton, and his ally, the faithful William Marshal, we think—and rightly—of Magna Carta. But we praise them for the wrong reason. "They were great men," wrote Disraeli, "that Archbishop of Canterbury and that Earl of Pembroke who in the darkness of feudal ages laid this bold and broad foundation of our national liberties." Yet, important as Magna Carta was as a guarantee of future liberties—and on the extent to which it was, there will always be dispute between scholars—

it achieved something even more vital than that. It enabled the English Monarchy as a unifying polity to survive King John, who, as a disintegrating force of genius and diabolical irresponsibility, has had few equals even in our own age of clever disintegrators. For, in the light of his son's use of it, Henry II.'s achievement had posed England with a terrible dilemma. The great Angevin had convinced the nation and even its feudal magnates that, after the disorder of Stephen's reign, happiness and prosperity for all classes depended on the supremacy of the Crown. He had created a legal and financial machinery for making that supremacy effective and a self-renewing school of trained administrators and judges to operate it under his successors. That the first of them—Cœur de Lion—scarcely visited his realm mattered comparatively little; the mechanism of State continued to function in his absence and the officials Henry had trained to strengthen and improve on it. But when the next heir proved a diabolical monomaniac, who used the Royal power to make life intolerable for his subjects and alienated every class in turn, those whom Henry had made the agents of that power were, little by little, driven into making a choice. They had either to destroy it, and with it the order and unity on which the prosperity of the realm depended, or subject the wearer of the Crown himself to it. The first course might have been easier; the second was superlatively hard.

It was largely due to Langton's wonderful understanding of his countrymen and of his country's need, and to the firm, subtle and selfless leadership he gave them, that the continuity of England's monarchical development was not broken. For the Crown was the key to England's nationhood. It was of the Crown that men thought when they used the word "England," for without the Crown there could have been no England. Ever since the days of Alfred, the monarchy had been implanting in men the habit of acting together in national matters. The great alien princes who had grasped in their strong hands the Athelings' sceptre—Canute the Dane, William and Henry the Normans, Henry the Angevin—had steadily strengthened it. It had become natural to Englishmen, and even Anglo-Norman barons, to act with and through the Crown. They still needed to do so even when its wearer of the hour became their oppressor and enemy. For the functioning of their local institutions, their personal dignity and honours, the tenure of their lands, the administration of justice and order, were inextricably bound up with its existence. As everywhere in the Middle Ages, society in England was intensely local; men lived and thought in terms of neighbourhood. Yet, as a result of three-and-a-half centuries of evolution, her political and legal organisation had become, not provincial like that of France and Spain, Germany and Italy, but monarchical. The Crown was the motive-spark of public activity and the fount of honour. An English landowner thought of himself not merely as the vassal of a provincial earl, but as a liege of the King; an English justice not as a functionary of a provincial court, but as a guardian of the King's peace. The organisation of the realm was not federal as on the Continent; it was national. It was this made England, even before the thirteenth century, a nation. From top to bottom ran this chain of unity. The great

men who ruled the provinces were also the officers of the Royal household, judicial bench and feudal army. They governed the neighbourhood, and they served the King. In a descending scale the same principle applied to every division of the nation: to those who operated the institutions in shire, hundred and village, the baronial honour and manor. All stood, in one capacity or another, on the rungs of a ladder, feudal or administrative, that stretched upwards to the Throne.

It was this organisation of a free, growing and organic society round the person of an hereditary and, therefore, undying King—already apparent in the thirteenth century and one that has been the distinguishing mark of England ever since—that Stephen Langton saved at the very moment that its destruction seemed inevitable. When one visits Canterbury one can kneel on the stones where an English martyr gave his blood for the independence of the Church. But one can also stand—and bow one's head in grateful remembrance—in the place where an even greater Englishman was enthroned as Archbishop, and but for whom England would not be England.



"BEACH SCENE ON THE FRENCH COAST": BY RICHARD PARKES BONINGTON (1801-1828), ONE OF THE FINE WORKS IN THE J. LESLIE WRIGHT COLLECTION, WHICH HAS BEEN PRESENTED IN ITS ENTIRETY TO BIRMINGHAM.



"INTERIOR OF THE COLOSSEUM": BY WILLIAM PARS (1742-1782), ONE OF THE FINE ENGLISH WATER-COLOUR DRAWINGS IN THE GREAT COLLECTION FORMED BY MR. J. LESLIE WRIGHT.

The Birmingham City Museum and Art Gallery have received a magnificent gift. Mr. J. Leslie Wright recently decided to present his collection to the City, and the formal handing over of the gift was arranged to take place on Tuesday, July 7, at a meeting of the Birmingham City Council. The collection, which comprises some 400 English water-colours and drawings, including over thirty pictures by Thomas Gainsborough, as well as outstanding examples of the work of John Robert Cozens, Peter de Wint, Thomas Rowlandson, J. M. W. Turner, Girtin, Bonington and others, has for many years been considered one of the finest in private hands; and it formed the 1949 Winter Exhibition at the Royal Academy. It will remain in Mr. Wright's possession until his death, when it will be transferred to the City Art Gallery, where it will be kept together as a whole, as far as is practicable. Mr. Wright has, however, indicated that a representative selection shall always be on view in the Art Gallery. The Museum and Art Gallery Committee will, of course, be at full liberty to lend the drawings from the collection to other art galleries in any part of the world for exhibition for educational or cultural purposes.

CELEBRATING ITS QUATERCENTENARY: CHRIST'S HOSPITAL, A SCHOOL "WITHOUT PARALLEL."



DINNER PARADE AT CHRIST'S HOSPITAL, HORSHAM—THE BLUECOAT SCHOOL—WHICH HAS BEEN CELEBRATING THE QUATERCENTENARY OF ITS FOUNDATION BY EDWARD VI.



DINNER AT "HOUSEY" IS A PARADE: AND THE 800 AND MORE BOYS PARADE BY HOUSES AND MARCH INTO THE DINING-HALL TO THE STRAINS OF THE SCHOOL BAND.



BEFORE MID-DAY DINNER EACH DAY, THE CHRIST'S HOSPITAL SCHOOL BAND ASSEMBLES AT THE MUSIC SCHOOL AND MARCHES THENCE TO THE QUAD.

Christ's Hospital, the famous Bluecoat School, which for 350 years was in the City and which for the last fifty has been on the Downs above Horsham, has this May and June been celebrating its 400th anniversary. In 1867-68 the Schools Inquiry Commissioners said: "Christ's Hospital is a thing without parallel in the country and *sui generis*. It is a grand relic of the mediæval spirit—a monument of the profuse munificence of that spirit . . ." and it has been, with justice, claimed for it that it is the one English public school which has maintained throughout its 400 years the democratic intentions of its founders. It was founded to care for the children of the poor and indigent of London of all classes; and it still does



THE HOUSES AT CHRIST'S HOSPITAL STAND IN GROUPS OF TWO IN AN AVENUE, IN WHICH THE MEMBERS OF EACH HOUSE FALL IN UNDER THE HOUSE CAPTAIN (STANDING, RIGHT).



INSIDE THE HUGE DINING-HALL, WHICH SEATS ALL THE SCHOOL AT A SINGLE SITTING. ON THE WALL IS THE ENORMOUS VERRIO PAINTING OF THE FOUNDING OF THE MATHEMATICAL SCHOOL.

so though for a wider area. In the words of a former headmaster, Sir William Fyfe: "Narrowness of means is an adamant condition of entry and . . . poverty cuts diagonally across class distinctions. When the 'new kids' arrive at the beginning of term, a glance can tell the sheep from the goats." (I am not saying which is which.) The Bishop's widow brings a boy distinct in speech and manner from the son of an unemployed burglar. A visit to the Wardrobe soon blurs the distinction and it disappears altogether long before they leave school." As the headmaster in Coleridge's time said to him: "Boy! the school is your father! Boy! the school is your mother! Boy! the school is your brother! . . ."



ONE OF THE PANELS OF THE SCHOOL'S 1914-15 WAR MEMORIAL, OUTSIDE THE DINING-HALL. IT CARRIES STATUES OF "BLUES" IN O.T.C. AND SCHOOL UNIFORM.



THE MOMENT OF CHRIST'S HOSPITAL'S FOUNDING IS PRECISELY KNOWN, AS IT SPRINGS FROM RIDLEY'S SERMON TO EDWARD VI., WHOSE STATUE APPEARS HERE.

IN 1552 Bishop Ridley of London preached on Charity before the young King Edward VI. at Westminster. The King was so moved by this sermon that he sought the Bishop's advice and Christ's Hospital was founded on his initiative, the young King signing its Charter on June 26, 1553, a few days before his death at fifteen. The first admissions to the school had taken place in the previous November, and included boys, girls and infants to the number of 380. The infants were transferred to another place in 1556 and in 1779 the girls were removed to Hertford, to make more room. The premises of the school remained at Newgate until 1902, when extensive and impressive buildings, designed by Sir Aston Webb, P.R.A., were erected near Horsham. In 1673 Charles II. became the school's second Royal founder, and in Letters Patent of August 19 of that year decreed a Royal Mathematical School there to train

(Continued opposite)

CELEBRATING THE 400TH ANNIVERSARY OF ITS THE GREAT BLUECOAT SCHOOL,



THE CHRIST'S HOSPITAL QUAD, LOOKING NORTH AND EAST. ON THE LEFT, WITH A TALL WATER TOWER, IS LAMB HOUSE. IN THE CENTRE CAN BE SEEN THE EDWARD VI. FOUNTAIN AND



A JUNIOR ART CLASS AT WORK IN THE ART SCHOOL. AFTER THE REMOVAL TO HORSHAM, THE ART SCHOOL CAME INTO EXISTENCE AND ART TEACHING WAS PIONEERED BY MR. H. A. RIGBY.



THE QUADRANGLE OF CHRIST'S HOSPITAL, LOOKING SOUTH AND WEST. ON THE LEFT CAN BE CHAPEL. THE SMALLER BLOCK BETWEEN IS THE CLASSICAL SCHOOL.

FOUNDATION BY EDWARD VI.: CHRIST'S HOSPITAL, NOW ON THE DOWNS NEAR HORSHAM.



TOWER, IS THE DINING-HALL; ON THE RIGHT, THE ARCADED 'SCIENCE BLOCK'; BETWEEN THE 'STATUE'. THE DESIGN OF THE HORSHAM BUILDINGS WAS BY THE LATE SIR ASTON WEBB, P.R.A.



INSIDE THE SCHOOL'S TUCK SHOP, AT WHICH THE USUAL SCHOOLBOY DELICACIES ARE SOLD AND WHERE PARENTS AND VISITORS CAN ALSO OBTAIN CERTAIN MEALS.



SEEN BIG SCHOOL, WITH ITS CLOCK TOWER, AND ON THE RIGHT THE GREAT MASS OF THE CHAPEL CONTAINS ENORMOUS MURALS BY SIR FRANK BRANGWYN, R.A.



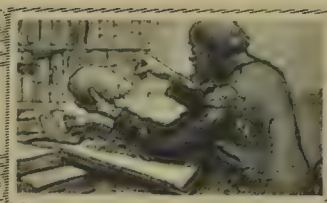
WHEN THE SCHOOL REMOVED TO HORSHAM IN 1902, THIS WREATH FAÇADE, WITH ITS FOUNDER'S STATUE, WAS MOVED AND INCORPORATED IN THE END OF BIG SCHOOL.



IN THE DAY ROOM OF ONE OF THE BOARDING HOUSES. ON EITHER SIDE OF THE WINDOWS ARE SMALL STUDIES FOR THE HOUSE CAPTAIN AND SENIOR GRECIAN. (Continued.) forty boys at a time for the sea. To this day the pupils all wear the traditional dress, the blue robe, yellow stockings, buckled shoes and white bands of Tudor times; and since they are drawn from all classes in need, this uniformity and distinction of dress confers on its wearers a unique feeling of equality. Its intellectual standards have always been of the highest and unless a boy shows signs of reaching University scholarship standard, he leaves at the age of sixteen and never achieves the honoured status of Grecian or Deputy Grecian (the equivalent of Sixth Former and Lower Sixth Former). Through their writings Christ's Hospital (or "Housie") is associated in most people's minds with Charles Lamb and S. T. Coleridge (both of whom have given their names to houses of the school); but of Old Blues of this age perhaps the best known, are John Middleton Murry, Edmund Blunden and the late Constant Lambert.



THE WORLD OF SCIENCE.



THE UNKNOWN GARDENER.

By MAURICE BURTON, D.Sc.

closely-related species competing for the available food-supply. The figures for earthworm populations, although apparently conflicting, illustrate vividly the force of this competition. Darwin estimated that

acre. Evans, also of the Rothamsted Experimental Station, gives a figure of 25 tons in a 300-year-old pasture. Throughout the world, the estimates vary from 2.1 tons to 107 tons, the last figure being for the six months of the rainy season in the valley of the White Nile.

IT was an unexpected pleasure to visit the London Floral Decoration Society's Coronation Exhibition, held at the Royal Horticultural Society's Hall in London on the last day of June and the first of July this year. I have a mild claim to being a botanist, even less claim to being a gardener, and for floral decorations I do not even begin to be a novice. It was for this last reason, no doubt, that my visit was so wholly enjoyable. All that need be said here about the artistry displayed in this exhibition can be summed up in this: that given the imagination, a receptacle of any kind, large or small, to hold water, any form of vegetable matter, bark, fungi, seed-pods dried or fresh, flowers living or dead, leaves, cones, fruits or merely pieces of wood, there is no limit to the range of pleasing effects that can be achieved. Obviously, I speak as less than a beginner in these matters, but there was one exhibit on which I can speak with a little more authority. This was the one entered by Major H. W. Hall, O.B.E., M.C., in the Free Expression Class and labelled "The Unknown Gardener." It consisted of a box, 14 ins. square and 6 ins. deep, with a glass front, constructed and coloured to represent a section of earth. Above was a miniature garden in which, as well as below ground, the "gardeners" could be seen at work, earthworms in twisted plastic wire, complete with the traditional straw hat and blue apron of the English gardener—a joke with a purpose.

It is not strictly correct to refer to this humble member of the Annelida as "Unknown." Darwin, in his famous book "The Formation of Vegetable Mould," published in 1881, expounded with a wealth of evidence, from experiment and observation, the part played by earthworms in keeping the soil fertile. Indeed, it seems almost as if this thoroughgoing work discouraged further research. And, in so far as few referred back to this book and the earthworm as a subject for investigation entered the doldrums, the title of "Unknown" is justified. During the last twenty years or so, however, a fair amount of research has been carried out, but there has been the usual time-lag between the publication of a scientific result and its appearance in popular scientific writings. Much of the work carried out is, as usual, inconclusive, so that more research is needed before a useful summary can be made. It has confirmed, however, the important rôle of earthworms in aerating the soil, aiding its drainage, facilitating the downward movement of roots, and keeping the top 6 to 8 ins. mixed, by the castings thrown up as well as by the leaves dragged down into the soil. Some mixing is also effected in the mottling, or melanisation, of the subsoil, where the humus of the topsoil is washed down by the rain into the deserted burrows.

We are apt to speak of earthworms, even of the "common earthworm" as if there were but one species. There are thirty in this country alone, and one family, the Lumbricidae, comprises 220 species throughout the world, of which nineteen are cosmopolitan, having been introduced by human agency to almost all parts of the world, just as rats have been. And, like the rats, they often compete successfully with the local species, ousting them from their native terrain. This is an aspect of the so-called struggle for existence which is frequently overlooked: that the sternest competition comes not from predators but from

there were 27,000 earthworms in an acre of English pastureland. The German biologist, von Hensen, found the same figure for the cornfields he examined, but found 54,000 in an acre of garden soil. Guild, of the Rothamsted Experimental Station, has recently given us the figure of 250,000 in an acre of pastureland; and Urquhart, of New Zealand, found 784,000 in the pastureland there. The weights of the castings turned out vary in a similar way. Darwin estimated that earthworm castings totalled $7\frac{1}{2}$ to 18 tons per year per

as leaves, seeds and other organic matter, animal or vegetable, such as dung and rotting vegetation. The branding, for example, is characteristic of the manure heap. A striking instance which epitomises these differences is given by Evans. In land under cultivation for more than a hundred years, receiving 14 tons of farmyard manure each year, he found 450 lb. of earthworms per acre. In a field showing the same yield of crops, but receiving inorganic fertilisers he found only 110 lb. per acre.



"THE UNKNOWN GARDENER": A MINIATURE GARDEN, WITH GLASS FRONT AND FORMALISED EARTHWORMS, SHOWN BY MAJOR H. W. HALL (HON. TREASURER OF THE SOCIETY) AT THE CORONATION EXHIBITION OF THE LONDON FLORAL DECORATION SOCIETY AT THE R.H.S. HALL IN LONDON RECENTLY. IT DRAWS ATTENTION TO THE PART PLAYED BY EARTHWORMS IN KEEPING THE SOIL FERTILE—THE SUBJECT DISCUSSED BY DR. BURTON ON THIS PAGE.

Photograph by Charles K. Adair.



SHOWING THE MOTTLING OR "MELANISATION" PRODUCED BY HUMUS BEING WASHED DOWN DESERTED WORM-BURROWS: THE FACE OF A PIT SUNK IN A CORNFIELD IN SUSSEX.

The foot-rule to the left shows the depth of some of the burrows to be nearly 4 ft.; and they were found to be continuing down below the level shown here. The breaking up of the topsoil in arable land produces a desiccation which drives the earthworms even deeper into the subsoil, owing to their need for a humid habitat.

The castings do not, however, represent the sum total of the activities of earthworms. In this country, for example, Evans has come to the conclusion, tentatively at least, that only two of the six commoner species throw out castings on the surface. Neither of these is what is so commonly referred to as "the common earthworm"; namely, *Lumbricus terrestris*. The two are *Allobophora nocturna* and *A. longa*; and these are two of the five species which, in summer, "spend a good deal of time in a state of diapause, rolled up in a tight ball in a spherical earthen cell." The figures for soil turned over in the course of a year must be considerably augmented to include the work of the remaining twenty-odd species whose activities are not apparent on the surface.

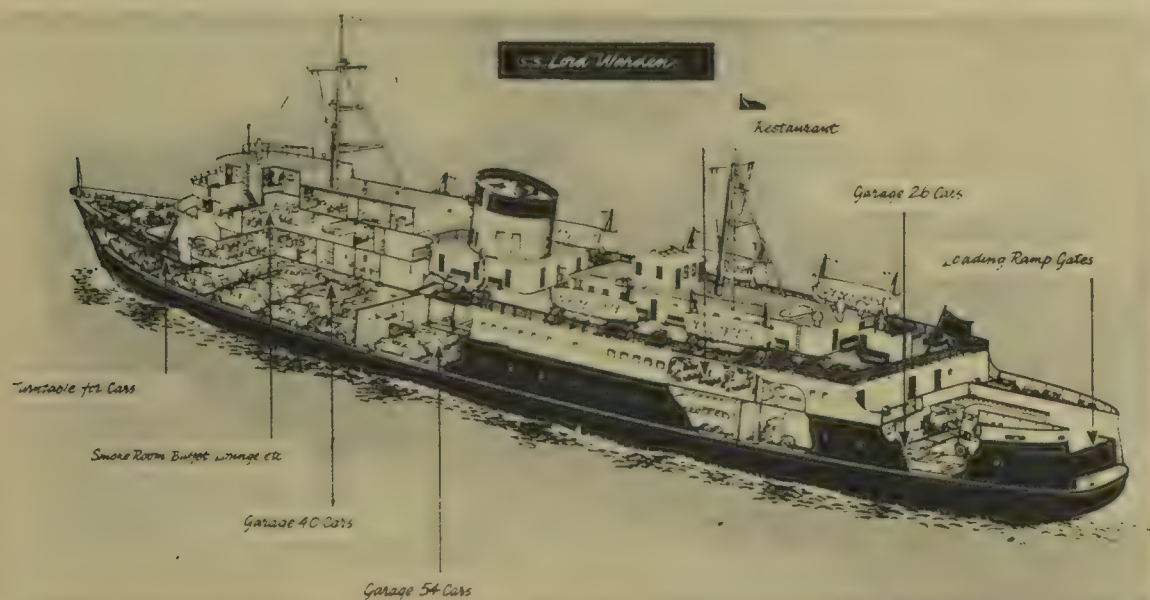
In spite of the imposing figures, however, the work of earthworms can be better described as relentless rather than spectacular. If we take the highest figure quoted, the 107 tons for the White Nile Valley, and

express this as a percentage of the tonnage of the top 8 ins. of soil per acre, it is at best a 10 per cent. turnover. Soils vary in weight, from anything over a thousand tons upwards per acre for this top layer. Another illustration of this slow, relentless work is given in an observation made by Urquhart. He placed stones on the ground, and found that after eight years one measuring 6 ins. by 3 ins. by 3 ins. was embedded to a depth of an inch by the castings of earthworms and by the weight of the stone breaking into the tunnels made by the worms underneath it.

Earthworms do not merely turn over the soil, as von Hensen showed. He took a vessel, 18 ins. across, filled it with sand, put into this two worms, and placed a layer of leaves on the surface of the sand. The leaves were first dragged down to a depth of 6 ins. and, at the end of six weeks, they had been converted into a layer of humus, $\frac{1}{4}$ -in. thick, on the surface of the sand.

In dealing with the figures for earthworm populations I referred to an apparent contradiction in them. The figures reached in such assessments will vary according to the time of year, the nature of the soil, and also the past history of the soil. Temperature and humidity largely determine the activities of the worms, and these and the amount of organic matter in the soil will also influence the numbers present, by their effect on the rates of breeding. Moreover, earthworms are not evenly distributed through the soil, either as to numbers or the dominant species present in a given patch. The type of food, too, is important. The normal diet is usually given

NEW FACILITIES FOR CONTINENTAL MOTORING HOLIDAYS: DOVER'S CAR FERRY TERMINAL, AND VESSELS SERVING IT.



SHOWING THE POSITION OF THE TURNTABLE FOR CARS, THE LOADING RAMP GATES, AND SO FORTH: A DIAGRAMMATIC DRAWING OF THE S.S. LORD WARDEN, BRITISH RAILWAYS' LATEST AND LARGEST CAR FERRY, SERVING DOVER-BOULOGNE.



APPROACHING THE RAMP AT BOULOGNE, STERN FIRST, READY FOR DISEMBARKATION: THE LORD WARDEN, WHICH WAS BROUGHT INTO OPERATION ON THE DOVER-BOULOGNE SERVICE IN 1952.



WHEN NEARING COMPLETION: THE NEW CAR FERRY TERMINAL AT DOVER, BUILT AT A COST OF ABOUT £750,000 BY THE DOVER HARBOUR BOARD, OPENED ON JUNE 30.



AT THE CAR TERMINAL RAMP AT DOVER, SHOWING HOW CARS ARE DRIVEN DIRECT INTO THE GARAGE ON BOARD: THE CAR FERRY HALLADALE OPERATED BY TOWNSEND FERRIES.



INSIDE THE CUSTOMS EXAMINATION BUILDING: SHOWING HOW THE CAR AND BAGGAGE EXAMINATION "ISLANDS" ARE LAID OUT IN HERRINGBONE FASHION.



ILLUSTRATING THE SIMPLE WAY IN WHICH CARS ARE DRIVEN ABOARD: A VEHICLE ENTERING THE GARAGE ON BOARD THE CAR FERRY IN BOULOGNE HARBOUR.

Continental holidays by coach or by private car have become extremely popular, and first-class facilities for enjoying such excursions are now available. Not only are the Channel crossings served by modern, fast and well-appointed car-carrying vessels, all with stern-loading facilities which permit direct drive on and off the ships on either side of the Channel; but the new Car Ferry Terminal at the Eastern Docks of Dover Harbour is now complete. It was begun in 1951, and on June 30, 1953, it was opened by the Minister of Transport. Constructed by the Dover Harbour Board at a cost of some £750,000, it is designed for the loading of cars with speed, comfort and simplicity. Embarking or disembarking of vehicles consists simply of running on or off the ships, via the loading bridges, which are constructed so that their height automatically adjusts itself to the level of the

deck of the ship in its variations according to the state of the tide. The Customs Examination Hall is planned to handle 240 cars per hour, and the car and baggage examination "islands" are laid out in herringbone fashion, so that a constant flow of traffic is possible. Before the outbreak of war some 31,000 cars were handled per annum in cross-Channel journeys; and the figure has now grown to well over the 110,000 mark. In the past, cars were handled by crane (except at the Train Ferry Dock which came into operation in 1936), and facilities were inadequate. But as soon as post-war conditions allowed, the Board's engineers laid their plans and the now-completed Car Ferry Terminal is capable of handling all the traffic envisaged for several years. Accommodation is provided for two ships to load or discharge simultaneously.

AN ENTERTAINING MISCELLANY ABOUT THE ENGLISH PAST.

"THE ENGLISH HOUSEWIFE IN THE SEVENTEENTH CENTURY"; By CHRISTINA HOLE.*

An Appreciation by SIR JOHN SQUIRE.

MISS CHRISTINA HOLE has already published several interesting and entertaining miscellanies about the English past: this is one more. Two remarks may be made about her title. One is that the households she describes are, in the nature of things, mainly those of the prosperous classes. The other is that (although it would be difficult to suggest a better title) she deals, not only with the peculiar province of the housewife as such, but with many aspects of social life with which housewives were neither more nor less concerned than other people of whichever sex. She makes, for instance, the statement that nearly every housewife collected medical receipts, and then off she goes on a variegated ramble which starts from that. She glances at the Doctrine of Signatures, by virtue of which "snake-bites were treated with viper's bugloss, because its seeds represented a serpent's head, and Solomon's Seal was supposed to cure all wounds and breakages because of certain marks on the root traditionally said to have been made by the seal of that monarch." She comes to the method of checking hæmorrhage by writing the word "Veronica" on the left thumb: they never seem to have thought of tattooing the name, which should have been a lifelong safeguard. Then, after a general disquisition on the

emergencies to sharpen the wits. By the time she had attended to the spiritual, moral and material welfare of her family, composed their quarrels, nursed them in sickness, fed them adequately, cared for the neighbouring poor, welcomed invited guests and unexpected travellers, and shared all her husband's worries and most of his amusements, only a very exceptional woman could honestly have felt that her talents were being allowed to rust unused."

That is true enough. But a housewife is not a special kind of animal; and, as I have indicated, the charm of Miss Hole's book lies in the fact that she has been tempted to write about things in general. She quotes contemporary opinions against arranged matches, including

Fuller's: "'Tis to be feared they that marry where they do not love, will love where they do not marry"

—which can hardly be supposed to apply only to housewives. She has interesting pages on wedding customs, which certainly involved both sexes. She talks of the custom—still in my youth lingering in a few manor-houses and many farm-houses—of the whole household sitting down at table in order of precedence. She sketches the general evolution and disappearance of the Great Hall and the Long Gallery. She indicates the changes in wall-coverings—tapestry, panelling, wallpaper—and she has an interesting passage on baths. The first Duke of Devonshire was the great pioneer in that regard. In 1697 at Chatsworth (with other luxurious sanitary fittings) he had a bathroom with walls of blue and white marble: "The pavements mix'd, one stone white another black, another of the red rance marble; the bath is one entire marble all white finely veined with blew . . . it was as deep as ones middle on the outside and you went down steps into the bath big enough for two people; at the upper end are two Cocks to let in one hot the other cold water to attemper it as persons please; the windows are all private [ground] glass."

A brief account is here of the indoor games of the time: further enlightenment might have been given as to the nature of "Drop-cap" and "How Many Miles to Barley Bridge." In the account of card-games it is rather shocking (unless he was ironical) to find so respectable a country squire and friend of Izaak Walton as Charles Cotton saying: "If you mark your cards aforehand, so as to know them by the backside, you know how to make your advantage." There is a good deal about cosmetics, which were home-made (like candles), amongst the recipes for a becoming pallor being the burnt and powdered jawbone of a pig laid on with poppy-oil. And there is, highly pertinent to the title, a good deal of information about catering and the cost of it.

One ingredient of which the English are still mainly suspicious was the subject of a warning by John Evelyn: garlic, he said, was not for ladies' palates nor those who court them. It reminds me of a boy who was a friend of mine at school, and who when we were out for a Sunday walk, presented me with the ingenious theory that the reason a handful of Greeks drove back a host of Persians at Marathon was that the Greeks ate garlic and the Persians did not. Some of the recipes, especially for salads, might be tried to-day. But the modern housewife might well quail at this one:



A COUNTRY WALK.

From an engraving by Hollar; reproduced by courtesy of the Victoria and Albert Museum.
Illustrations reproduced from the book "The English Housewife in the Seventeenth Century"; by Courtesy of the publishers, Chatto and Windus.

"Take four tame Pigeons trussed, and four Ox-Palates well boiled, blanched and cut into small Pieces; also six Lambstones, as many good Veal Sweet-breads cut in halves and par-boiled; twenty Cockscombs boiled and blanched, the Bottoms of four Artichokes, a pint of Oysters parboiled and bearded, and the Marrow of three Bones; seasoning all with Mace, Nut-meg and Salt: Afterwards lay your Meat in a Coffin of fine Paste proportionable to the quantity thereof; put half a Pound of Butter upon it, and a little Water into the Pie before it be set in the Oven: Let it stand in the Oven an hour and a half; then having drawn it, pour out the Butter at the top of the Pie and put into it a leet of Gravy, Butter and Lemons, and serve it up."

A day or two after the beginning of preparations I should think.

There is one solecism in the book of which I hope a woman of Miss Hole's scholarship and taste will not again be guilty. She says: "Cold meat, fish, or cheese, washed down by beer, was sometimes served at six or seven o'clock in the morning." When Mr. Wodehouse's young blades talk about eating and drinking as browsing and sluicing we do not mind; the members of the Drones' Club have a jargon all their own. But this phrase "washed down" from a respectable author. It is becoming more and more common: I saw the other day in a newspaper that somebody had had caviare sandwiches "washed down" by champagne: as though vintage wines were being used in a sort of flushing operation. This sort of phrase, if remembered, might spoil the best of dinners.

The illustrations are interesting and derived from a diversity of sources. Two have odd points. There is an engraving by Hollar here entitled "A Country Walk," in which places are labelled "Albury" and "Shere," and between the two there seems to be flowing a river as big as the Thames at Richmond—though there may be a lake unknown to me. And there is a picture called "A Banquet" which is presumably



A BANQUET IN 1604: BY CRISPIN VAN DER PASSE.

Sir John Squire points out that this engraving "is presumably here as illustrating the sumptuous proceedings of the Stuart housewife and her spouse at dinner. It can be no such thing. It is obviously a picture of Dives and Lazarus: Dives clad in purple and fine linen, and Lazarus at the door with a man about to beat him, and the dogs licking up the crumbs."

From an engraving reproduced by courtesy of the Victoria and Albert Museum.

Pharmacopoeia of the time, she informs us that "John Goldsmith confidently states in his Almanac for 1678 that if a man ate the roasted lungs of a hog in the early morning, he would not be drunk that day, 'how liberally soever he takes his drinks.'" She proceeds then to a Doctor Skatt (not Strabismus), of Utrecht, who had a great reputation for curing rickets. An English child was sent to him and put into a strait-waistcoat from which he was only released once a week in order that his shirt might be changed. "When his father suggested that a bi-weekly change might be better, he was told that, with 2000 patients on his hands, the physician could not possibly spare time to give individual attention of this sort to each; and indeed, Mun was rather fortunate, for some kept on their harness for a month together"—which sounds as though National Health were not an entirely new notion. And then she proceeds to the Plague, reproduces a terrible Bill of Mortality, and records the fact that the authorities, dimly aware that some animals might be infecting human beings, killed cats and dogs wholesale, thus destroying the natural enemies of the rat, whose fleas were the villains of the piece.

Thus does Miss Hole divagate; and no reader will mind. She was prompted to write her book, she says, by acquiring an earlier manuscript volume of extracts by a Stuart lady, which contained receipts in cookery and medicine acquired from friends, or copied from books, as well as a variety of religious maxims and reflections. The range of the old housewife's activities impressed her. Far more things were grown at home, made at home, and even brewed and distilled at home than in these days, and the housewife was "in no danger of vegetating." "Housekeeping [and here she is evidently thinking of the upper-class, of whom most records survive] was never easy in an age almost totally devoid of labour-saving devices and modern conveniences, and there were always plenty of



A LADY BUYING SHOES. "THE SEVENTEENTH CENTURY WAS A VERY COLOURFUL AGE IN THE MATTER OF CLOTHES . . . MEN TENDED TO OUTSHINE THEIR WOMENFOLK IN THE SPLENDOR OF THEIR ATTIRE. THEY SPENT MONEY VERY FREELY UPON THEIR WARDROBES AND SOMETIMES GRUDGED IT TO THEIR WIVES IN CONSEQUENCE."

From an engraving by Hollar; reproduced by courtesy of the British Museum.

here as illustrating the sumptuous proceedings of the Stuart housewife and her spouse at dinner. It can be no such thing. It is obviously a picture of Dives and Lazarus: Dives clad in purple and fine linen, and Lazarus at the door, with a man about to beat him, and the dogs licking up the crumbs.

THE VICTORS OF EVEREST: FAMILY REUNIONS, AND DEMONSTRATIONS.



AT THE ROYAL GEOGRAPHICAL SOCIETY: EDMUND HILLARY DESCRIBING THE GREAT ADVENTURE, WHILE COLONEL JOHN HUNT AND TENSING, SEATED AT HIS RIGHT HAND, LISTEN SMILINGLY. ALL THREE HAVE BEEN HONOURED BY THE QUEEN FOR THEIR ACHIEVEMENT.



HOW THEY REACHED THE ROOF OF THE WORLD: EDMUND HILLARY, COLONEL JOHN HUNT AND TENSING DEMONSTRATING AT THE ROYAL GEOGRAPHICAL SOCIETY ON A MODEL OF MOUNT EVEREST. THEIR ROUTE TO THE SUMMIT IS INDICATED.



WITH HIS WIFE AND DAUGHTERS PEMBER AND NEMA: THE SHERPA, TENSING, WHO REACHED THE SUMMIT OF MOUNT EVEREST WITH HILLARY, ACKNOWLEDGING GREETINGS ON ARRIVAL IN ENGLAND. HER MAJESTY HAS APPROVED THE AWARD OF THE GEORGE MEDAL TO HIM.



A HAPPY, SMILING GROUP: EDMUND HILLARY, DESIGNATED A K.B.E. BY HER MAJESTY (LEFT), COLONEL HUNT, DESIGNATED A KNIGHT BACHELOR; WITH HIS DAUGHTERS SALLY (LEFT), AGED FOURTEEN, AND SUSAN, AGED TWELVE, ON EITHER SIDE OF HIM.



WITH HIS FAMILY, INCLUDING THE NEW BABY BORN DURING HIS ABSENCE: MAJOR WYLIE, A MEMBER OF THE EXPEDITION. THE CHILDREN ARE ALISON (LEFT), HUGH AND LITTLE IAN, IN MRS. WYLIE'S ARMS.

THE arrival of members of the victorious British Mount Everest Expedition at London Airport on July 3 was a dramatic and joyous occasion. Among those waiting to welcome them were the Secretary for War, the Lord Privy Seal, the Chairman of the Joint Himalayan Committee, the High Commissioner for New Zealand, the Nepalese Ambassador and Mr. Eric Shipton, leader of the reconnaissance party of the southern approach of 1951. Each man was clapped as he came down the gangway of the B.O.A.C. aircraft which had brought the party from Zurich, where they had received a great reception from Swiss Alpinists. Colonel John Hunt, leader of the expedition, came out first, and waved an ice-axe bearing a small Union Flag. He was

[Continued opposite.]



AT LONDON AIRPORT ON ARRIVAL: DR. L. B. C. PUGH, A MEMBER OF THE BRITISH EVEREST EXPEDITION, WHOSE SPLENDID WORK AS A TEAM RESULTED IN VICTORY; WITH MRS. PUGH AND THEIR CHILDREN, HARRIET AND SIMON.



WITH MRS. GREGORY: MR. GREGORY, A MEMBER OF THE FINAL SUPPORT GROUP FOR HILLARY AND TENSING.

Continued.]

followed by Edmund Hillary and Tensing, the men who reached the summit of Everest. Tensing was accompanied by his wife and daughters, who smiled happily with, perhaps, a touch of bewilderment at the scene. Mrs. Hunt had flown out to join her husband in Nepal, and returned with the party; but for other members the return home meant a family reunion. Major Wylie was introduced to the newest member of his family, little Ian, who was born during his absence. Later a Press conference was held at the Royal Geographical Society at which a model of Mount Everest was used to demonstrate the route taken to the summit, which is marked with flags.



"IRISH EYES ARE SMILING" AND IRISH HEARTS BEATING HIGH WITH LOYAL ENTHUSIASM: HER MAJESTY WELCOMED BY THOUSANDS OF YOUNG PEOPLE AT BALMORAL PARK, BELFAST.

ULSTER'S GREAT WELCOME TO THE QUEEN: EVENTS OF THE ROYAL THREE-DAY VISIT.



THE QUEEN AND THE DUKE AT BELFAST CITY HALL ON JULY 2: HER MAJESTY IS RECEIVING THE MOST REV. DR. J. A. F. GREGG, ARCHBISHOP OF ARMAGH AND PRIMATE OF ALL IRELAND.



ABOUT TO ENTER THE VIKING OF THE QUEEN'S FLIGHT IN WHICH SHE FLEW FROM LONDON AIRPORT TO ALDERGROVE R.A.F. STATION, NORTHERN IRELAND, ON JULY 1: THE QUEEN, WITH THE DUKE, STANDING (LEFT).



WITH TWO OF THE DRUMMERS WHO BEAT THE FAMOUS DRUMS OF THE ORANGEMEN IN WELCOME TO HER MAJESTY: THE QUEEN AND THE DUKE, WITH (L. TO R.) LORD BROOKEBOROUGH, LADY WAKEHURST AND LADY BROOKEBOROUGH.



EXAMINING AN ANCIENT CANNON IN BROOKE PARK, LONDONDERRY: THE QUEEN. DURING JULY 3, THE LAST DAY OF HER VISIT, HER MAJESTY CARRIED OUT A CONSIDERABLE TOUR, AND LEFT BY AIR FROM EGLINTON.

THE Queen and the Duke of Edinburgh left London Airport on July 1 in a Viking of the Queen's Flight and flew to Aldergrove R.A.F. Station for her Majesty's Coronation visit to Northern Ireland, where the warmth, loyalty and enthusiasm with which she was greeted were most moving. On July 2, after visiting Queen's University, Belfast, the Queen and the Duke lunched with the Corporation at the City Hall, and the Queen knighted the Lord Mayor. Later, at Balmoral Park, 17,000 members of Youth Organisations gave the Queen and the Duke a rousing welcome, and the Queen inspected a parade of ex-Service men and women. Relays of drummers beating the famous drums of the Orangemen with canes sounded a prolonged welcome to her Majesty outside Government House, Hillsborough, on July 1. On July 3, the Queen and the Duke visited Lisburn, Ballymena, Ballymoney, Coleraine, Lisahally and Londonderry before leaving in an aircraft of the Queen's Flight for London, from the Royal Naval Air Station, Eglinton.



ACCEPTING A BOUQUET FROM CARAGH COOTE, DAUGHTER OF GROUP CAPTAIN D. I. COOTE, STATION COMMANDER: THE QUEEN AT ALDERGROVE R.A.F. STATION ON HER ARRIVAL IN NORTHERN IRELAND ON JULY 1.



LEAVING PARLIAMENT BUILDINGS, STORMONT, BELFAST, AFTER HAVING RECEIVED LOYAL ADDRESSES FROM BOTH HOUSES: HER MAJESTY THE QUEEN, WITH LORD BROOKEBOROUGH (RIGHT) FOLLOWED BY THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH. BEHIND HIM ARE LORD WAKEHURST, GOVERNOR OF NORTHERN IRELAND, AND OTHER OFFICIALS.



SHOWING THE MILE-LONG STRAIGHT PRINCE OF WALES' AVENUE WHICH LEADS TO PARLIAMENT BUILDINGS: THE QUEEN AND THE DUKE ON THE LOWER TERRACE DURING THE PLAYING OF THE NATIONAL ANTHEM. BEFORE ENTERING PARLIAMENT BUILDINGS HER MAJESTY INSPECTED A GUARD OF HONOUR FROM THE 1ST BN. IRISH GUARDS.

THE CORONATION VISIT TO THE "BEAUTIFUL AND FRIENDLY" COUNTRY OF NORTHERN IRELAND: HER MAJESTY AND THE DUKE ARRIVING AT PARLIAMENT BUILDINGS, STORMONT, AND LEAVING, AFTER RECEIVING LOYAL ADDRESSES.

On July 2 her Majesty the Queen and the Duke of Edinburgh visited the Parliament of Northern Ireland, Stormont, Belfast, to receive loyal addresses from both Houses. The ceremony within the Great Hall is illustrated on our front page; here we show scenes outside Parliament Buildings. As the procession of cars entered the fine grounds and drove up the Prince of Wales' Avenue, a Royal salute of 21 guns was fired. The Queen inspected a guard of honour from the

1st Bn. Irish Guards, and then, with the Duke of Edinburgh, mounted the steps to the entrance, where she was received by the Speaker of the Senate and the Speaker of the House of Commons. In her reply to the loyal addresses, her Majesty referred to Northern Ireland as "your beautiful and friendly country." After the ceremony her Majesty and the Duke attended a garden-party on the lawns outside Parliament House, and planted commemorative trees.

ON June 18 the revolution in Egypt was carried a step further. The monarchy was abolished and a republic was proclaimed. The Egyptian Note on this subject was formally acknowledged by the British Government on June 26. Since the abdication of King Farouk an agreement between the United Kingdom and Egypt has been signed. This has simplified the situation. The title King of Egypt and the Sudan had been assumed by Farouk and formally retained by his heir, Ahmad Fuad II, though it was not recognised when the British Ambassador to Egypt presented fresh letters of credence in Cairo. As a result of the Anglo-Egyptian agreement, however, Egypt has ceased to make any such claim to the Sudan. So much for the immediate future. The more distant future, which will here be examined, is quite another matter. It must depend upon the decision of the Sudan itself.

The Sudan has not yet attained self-government. The political machinery has not been set up and the necessary election is not to take place until the autumn. The transfer of power to the Sudanese can not be effected for about four months. If this period gives the Sudan Government much-needed time for preparation, it also involves embarrassment. The time may be too short for administrative preparation, but it is unpleasantly long from the point of view of political activity and electoral-campaigning in the Sudan. It might be argued that in a country in such an early stage of political education the delay would be useful, but unfortunately it is less likely to be spent in improving that education than in heating heads. Activity has already become great and is likely to increase. It is not for us to grumble if the propaganda within the country is crude in type, because it is by our own action that the pace towards self-government has been speeded up, and that so many desirable stages have to be missed out. Admittedly, the course taken was one which it would have been very difficult to modify, but Britain none the less bears responsibility for it.

I have spoken so far only of political activity within the country. Outside influence remains to be considered. Because Egypt at the moment has abandoned any formal claim to dominion over the Sudan, that is not to say that she has resigned her hopes of union, which would amount to Egyptian control. The Egyptians have promised not to interfere in the elections, but it is well known that the Sudanese National Unionist front, the policy of which is union with Egypt, has received money from that country, and there is little doubt that it will continue to do so. Whether interference will take a more active form than this remains to be seen. It has to be noted that the colourful Major Saleh Salem is a member of the new Republican Government of Egypt. He is a propagandist in grain. Though his methods—which included what may be called a "strip-tease" dance tur—were laughed at in the Sudan and elsewhere, they are believed by some observers to have been effective. Those already seen are not likely to constitute his whole repertoire.

In opposition to the National Unionist front stand several parties in favour of an independent Sudan, of which the strongest is probably the Umma. It is to be doubted whether any of them is as well-organised as the Unionist and certain that none of them is as well provided with funds. They are largely tribal in their strength and, according to the evidence from other countries in a similar situation, the tendency is for national parties to strengthen their position at the expense of tribal organisations. The latter have in this case scored a point in that the efforts of the National Unionist front to prevent chiefs and headmen taking part in the elections have been defeated, even though its representative appealed to General Nguib to use his influence in its favour. His hope was apparently that General Nguib would approach Mr. Nehru and Mr. Mohammad Ali, and that they, in turn, would approach the Indian and Pakistan Chairman of the two Commissions appointed to supervise the progress of the Sudan to self-government. This was undoubtedly a success for the anti-Unionist cause, but its importance is not easy to assess at the present stage.

Success for the parties in favour of independence would not preclude the maintenance of a link between the Sudan and the British Commonwealth. It would be very far, however, from providing an assurance of such an outcome. That is all any prophet can now say on the subject. The fact that this is so reveals another weakness of the independence parties by contrast with their political opponents. The latter know precisely what they want. The former do not; or profess divided hopes. I know, however, that a widespread feeling exists among Britons with experience of the Sudan that Egypt's position is a strong one and that an immediate rebuff in the elections would probably not weaken it seriously. Egyptian influence in the Northern Sudan is well-established. It appeals to instincts of nationalism. Whatever happens, Egypt will remain at hand, whereas British power will have

A WINDOW ON THE WORLD. THE FUTURE OF THE SUDAN.

By CYRIL FALLS,

Chichele Professor of the History of War, Oxford.

been withdrawn. When I questioned one experienced authority, he replied that the establishment of union between Egypt and the Sudan within four years at most was more likely than not, however the elections might go.

This country has foregone the right and power to object if the prophecy should prove true. Yet union might bring up problems of no small concern to Britain. In the Arab-Jewish struggle which resulted



SHOWING THAT LITERACY IS NOT YET GENERAL IN THE SUDAN: A SCRIBE IN A CORNER OF THE POST OFFICE AT KASSALA, CENTRAL SUDAN, WRITING A LETTER FOR AN ILLITERATE COMPATRIOT.
"Britain . . ." writes Captain Cyril Falls, "has made an effort in the arrangements for the assumption of self-government to insure that the Sudan shall not be exploited as a pawn in international politics. It is necessary that this effort should be maintained."



RECEIVING TRAINING IN ARMS DRILL: POLICE RECRUITS IN THE YEI DISTRICT OF EQUATORIA, SOUTHERN SUDAN. The Sudanese Police Force is now for the most part officered by Sudanese, but in Equatoria Province the Commandant is British. Arms are carried by Southern Sudanese Police in remote and wild districts, for they are often called on by villagers suffering from depredations by lion and leopard; but in urban districts they do not carry arms. During the war the Sudanese Police were temporarily enrolled in the Sudan Defence Force.

from the British abandonment of the Palestinian Mandate, Egyptian troops suffered a sharp defeat at the hands of Israel, though Egypt remained in possession of a strip of Palestinian territory. Israel is now watching the Sudan with close attention. I do not pretend to know Egyptian policy in the matter, but the aim of a section at least of Egyptian military opinion is hardly in dispute. It is the employment of Sudanese troops against Israel. Egyptian troops, so the argument runs, went half-heartedly into a war which they did not want; Sudanese troops have a greater taste for war and are less given to asking questions about the cause. The premises are correct on the surface, though the second might not hold good

if Egypt were to replace Britain in the Sudan. They are, anyhow, worth considering, and the risk is one which calls for such advance precautions as can be taken.

The Arab and Mahomedan element prevails in the Northern Sudan, the aboriginal and heathen in the Southern. North and south alike furnish troops with many good qualities, including endurance. I will not enter into comparisons between them as fighting men, but one difference is so obvious that mention of it should hurt nobody's feelings. The northern starts with better education than the southern and also learns faster. Arab officers have already been promoted to the middle ranks in considerably higher proportion than has been the case in Southern Sudanese units. Arab troops are therefore at present in the better position to fend for themselves without British leadership. How far Egyptian leadership would suit Southern Sudanese troops remains to be seen. Egyptian officers, with certain exceptions, have held out poor prospects of success in such an undertaking, because they have not led their own troops well. An Israeli officer told me that it was not the Egyptian rank-and-file who failed in the fighting with the forces of his State so much as the tactical leadership and the administration. Both are the province of officers. He said that but for these two defects the task of Israel would have been very much harder.

During the Second World War, Sudanese troops fought well and revealed the same hardiness and determination as they had displayed under Kitchener at Khartoum at the beginning of this century. Macdonald's brigade, which in that battle performed the famous manoeuvre of beating off a massed Dervish assault from one direction and instantly wheeling to defeat another delivered at right-angles to the former, was Sudanese. It had the support of some artillery and machine-guns, but its situation was one which would have shaken any but stout troops. Admittedly it was commanded by "Fighting Mac," perhaps the best leader of his time in that sort of warfare. In the last war the British and Italians both recruited from one great tribe in the North-Eastern Sudan. There again leadership counted, the British-enlisted troops from that region proving themselves superior to the Italian. If they are to give of their best, Sudanese troops, especially from the south, will require good training and leadership from officers drawn from more highly-developed races.

It must be acknowledged that what has been written above is in great part speculative. It can only be hoped that the speculation is worth while. The whole Middle East to-day is in a melting-pot or, one may put it, in a series of melting-pots set close together on the same furnace. This is particularly true of the Sudan, which is facing a radical political change. Lamenting that the change is too rapid serves no good purpose now, though the fact can not be disguised. The general political situation of the Middle East is no less remarkable, and its development may prove an important factor in the struggle to preserve world peace. In Egypt the upheaval has been powerful, but Egypt possesses a political and administrative system which works, despite its defects, and this, so far from having been upset by the revolution, appears to have been strengthened, perhaps in some degree reformed, by it. Prophecy is fruitless, as I have pointed out, but analysis is by no means so. The world has lately allowed itself to be taken by surprise by events which ought not to have lain outside the scope of reasonable possibility.

When the time for unbiased retrospect arrives the work done in the Sudan may be found to have been one of Britain's greatest colonial achievements. Already it might be claimed as the greatest in this field during the present century. When Kitchener entered the Sudan it was a scene of horror: rapine, cruelty, bloodshed, misery and squalor. The astonishing transformation which has occurred in the space of half a century has been mainly due to a Civil Service of exceptionally good quality. The British Army has also made a notable contribution by the restoration and maintenance of order, without which the Civil Servants could hardly have begun their work, still less accomplished what they have. When peoples are civilised by the administration of peoples from outside they demand, sooner or later, that this administration shall pass into their own hands and that they shall be accorded independence. The pressure may come only from a vocal and politically-minded section, but it, nevertheless, proves strong. The Second World War everywhere hastened this process. Britain now lays down a beneficent task, though the hope remains that she may be enabled to render further aid, if only by advice. She has made an effort in the arrangements for the assumption of self-government to insure that the Sudan shall not be exploited as a pawn in international politics. It is necessary that this effort should be maintained. The task will become more difficult when she ceases, as she soon will cease, to be clothed with power in the Sudan.

THE QUEEN MOTHER IN RHODESIA.



QUEEN ELIZABETH THE QUEEN MOTHER INSPECTING A GUARD OF HONOUR MOUNTED BY THE ROYAL RHODESIA REGIMENT: AFTER HER ARRIVAL AT SALISBURY BY COMET AIRLINER.



QUEEN ELIZABETH THE QUEEN MOTHER AND PRINCESS MARGARET DRIVING THROUGH SALISBURY, SOUTHERN RHODESIA, WITH A MOUNTED ESCORT, AFTER THEIR ARRIVAL THERE.



PRINCESS MARGARET, EN ROUTE FOR RHODESIA, SHAKES HANDS WITH SIR VICTOR MALLETT, BRITISH AMBASSADOR TO ITALY, DURING THE COMET'S ONE-HOUR STOP AT ROME AIRPORT.

On July 1, on a perfect Rhodesian morning, Queen Elizabeth the Queen Mother and Princess Margaret arrived at Salisbury Airport, S. Rhodesia, after an uneventful journey by Comet airliner from London. Waiting to greet them were the Governor, Major-General Sir John Kennedy; the Prime Minister, Sir Godfrey Huggins; the Chief Justice, Sir Robert Tredgold; Cabinet Ministers and diplomats and officers of the forces. After the inspection of a guard of honour of the 1st Bn. The Royal Rhodesia Regiment, of which the Queen is Colonel-in-Chief, the Queen Mother and Princess Margaret drove to the city of Salisbury. The streets, and especially the "Royal Mile" (Third Street), were packed with spectators and some 7000 children, waving flags and snapping cameras. The Royal car was escorted by mounted men of the British South Africa Police with pennoned lances. After resting a day at Salisbury, the Royal party left for Bulawayo by train on the evening of July 2.

CORONATION GIFTS AND MEMORIALS.

Among recent gifts and ceremonials to mark this Coronation year have been the presentation to the Queen of a fine stallion by the King of Iraq; and the naming of a Canadian range of mountains in Jasper Park, Alberta. In Windsor Great Park on July 4 a grove of sixty-two oak trees—sessile oaks—was planted. The first was planted by the Queen and is to be known as the "Queen's Tree"; the second was planted by the Duke of Edinburgh, who is Ranger of the Park; and the third by the Home Secretary, Sir David Maxwell Fyfe, and this is to be called the "United Kingdom Tree." The remainder were planted by Commonwealth and Colonial representatives. The grove, about two acres in extent, is near the York Club, adjoining the Isle of Wight pond. Sessile oaks (*Quercus petraea*) eventually reach a height of about 80 ft. and have a spread of some 60 ft. The representative of Malta left before the planting took place and his tree was planted by one of the gardeners present.



SOME OF THE PEAKS ROUND MALIGNE LAKE, JASPER PARK, CANADA, WHICH HAVE NOW BEEN NAMED "QUEEN ELIZABETH RANGES," WITH HER MAJESTY'S PERMISSION.



HER MAJESTY PLANTING THE "QUEEN'S TREE" IN WINDSOR GREAT PARK, THE FIRST OF A GROUP OF SIXTY-TWO PLANTED BY COMMONWEALTH REPRESENTATIVES TO MARK CORONATION YEAR.



AFTER PLANTING HER TREE, THE QUEEN READS THE INSCRIPTION ON THE SPADE SHE USED. THE OAKS PLANTED ARE SESSILE OAKS (*QUERCUS PETRAEA*), WHICH EVENTUALLY REACH A HEIGHT OF ABOUT 80 FT.



A GIFT FOR THE QUEEN FROM KING FEISAL OF IRAQ: PRINCE ABDUL ILLAH, THE KING'S UNCLE AND FORMER REGENT, WITH THE FINE PEDIGREE STALLION FOR THE QUEEN.

HENLEY RECORD-BREAKERS, ETON AND HARROW CAPTAINS FOR THE LORD'S MATCH.



THE WINNER OF THE DIAMOND SCULLS: T. A. FOX (RIGHT) RECEIVES THE CONGRATULATIONS OF R. GEORGE (BELGIUM), WHO HAD BROKEN THE RECORD IN A HEAT THE PREVIOUS DAY AT HENLEY.

Except for a little rain on the first morning, the four days of Henley Royal Regatta (July 1-4) were days of excellent weather, and they were matched by some excellent rowing with very fast times. The Thames Cup was regained for this country by the R.A.F. eight, who beat the record-breaking Princeton crew in the semi-final and went on to defeat Imperial College in the final. The R.A.F. also supplied the winners of the Wyfold Cup, breaking the record in the early

(Continued opposite.



THE WINNERS OF THE DOUBLE SCULLS: THE SWISS PAIR, P. STEBLER (STROKE) AND E. SCHRIEVER, WHO MADE A NEW RECORD, 7 MINS. 21 SECS., IN THE SEMI-FINAL ROUND.



THE WINNERS OF THE SILVER GOBLETs: M. KNUYSEN AND R. BAETENS, OF BELGIUM, WHO BROKE THE RECORD IN THE HEATS AND SUBSEQUENTLY BROKE THEIR OWN NEW RECORD.

RECORD BREAKERS AND MAKERS AT THE WOMEN'S A.A.A. CHAMPIONSHIPS.



THE PRINCETON UNIVERSITY EIGHT, WHO SET UP A NEW RECORD FOR THE THAMES CUP IN A HEAT, BUT WERE BEATEN BY THE R.A.F. IN THE SEMI-FINAL, THE R.A.F. BEATING IMPERIAL COLLEGE IN THE FINAL.

(Continued.) heats. The Belgian pair who won the Silver Goblets, M. Knuysen and R. Baetens, made a new record for this event in the heats and subsequently lowered it in the semi-final; and the Swiss pair also broke the record in the Double Sculls. The Belgian, R. George, despite a record heat of 8 mins. was beaten in the final of the Diamond Sculls by London R.C.'s T. A. Fox. The whole meeting was marked by excellent racing.



CHARLES V. ROBINS, SON OF THE ENGLAND PLAYER, R. W. V. ROBINS: CAPTAINING ETON COLLEGE IN THE ETON AND HARROW MATCH AT LORD'S ON JULY 10-11.



THE FINISH OF THE THAMES CUP, WITH THE R.A.F. (LEFT) BEATING IMPERIAL COLLEGE IN 6 MINS. 59 SECS. BY HALF A LENGTH DURING A BRILLIANT HENLEY.



DENNIS HULBERT, CAPTAINING HARROW SCHOOL IN THE LORD'S CRICKET MATCH, WHICH WAS TO START YESTERDAY (JULY 10).



PROBABLY THE WORLD'S FASTEST WOMAN MILER: MISS ENID HARDING (LONDON OLYMPIADES A.C.), WHO SET UP A NEW BRITISH RECORD OF 5 MINS. 9 SECS. AT WHITE CITY.

For the Women's A.A.A. Championships at White City on July 4 conditions were good, but the public support was poor. The outstanding result was Miss E. Harding's mile, which created a new British record of 5 mins. 9 secs. No world record for this event is known, but it is thought unlikely that any woman has recorded a better time than this. Miss Pashley's 100 yards equalled the British



MRS. VALERIE WINN (NEE BALL), WITH THE CUP FOR THE 440 YARDS, WHICH SHE WON FOR THE SIXTH TIME IN SUCCESSION: BY A YARD IN 57.6 SECS.



MISS A. PASHLEY (NO. 18), GREAT YARMOUTH A.C., WINNING THE 100 YARDS FROM MISS S. BURGESS IN 11 SECS., A TIME WHICH EQUALS THE BRITISH NATIVE RECORD.

record, but no other records were broken or equalled at the meeting. Miss J. Desforges, however, achieved a double by winning both the 80 metres hurdles (in 11.5 secs.) and the long jump (18 ft. 10½ ins.). Mrs. V. Winn, who is probably better known as Miss Valerie Ball, won the quarter for the sixth time running at this meeting. She belongs to Spartan L.A.C.

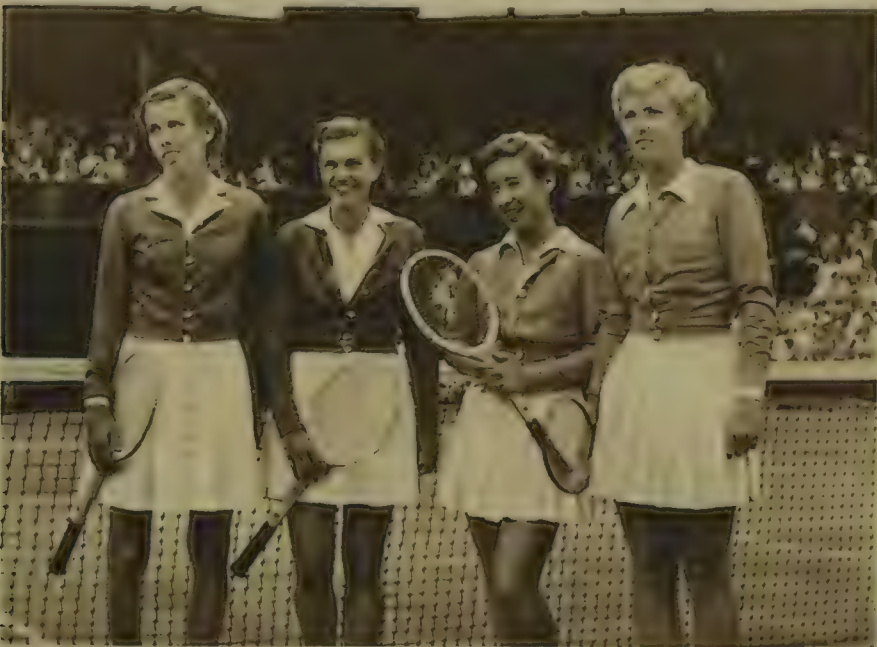
THE GIANTS OF THE CENTRE COURT: MEN AND WOMEN FINALISTS AT THE 1953 WIMBLEDON.



FINALISTS IN THE MIXED DOUBLES ON JULY 4: (L. TO R.) V. SEIXAS AND MISS DORIS HART, OF THE UNITED STATES, WHO DEFEATED MISS SHIRLEY FRY (U.S.A.) AND E. MOREA (ARGENTINA) BY 9-7, 7-5. THE PREVIOUS HOLDERS WERE F. A. SEDGMAN (AUSTRALIA) AND MISS D. HART.



AFTER PRESENTING THE CHAMPIONSHIP CUP TO THE WINNER OF THE MEN'S SINGLES: H.R.H. THE DUCHESS OF KENT WITH V. SEIXAS (U.S.A.), WHO HAD JUST DEFEATED K. NIELSEN, OF DENMARK (LEFT), 9-7, 6-3, 6-4, IN A MATCH WHICH LASTED FOR AN HOUR-AND-A-QUARTER. V. SEIXAS, WHO IS TWENTY-NINE, COMES FROM PHILADELPHIA.



FINALISTS IN THE WOMEN'S DOUBLES: (L. TO R.) MISS DORIS HART AND MISS SHIRLEY FRY, OF THE UNITED STATES, WHO RETAINED THEIR TITLE BY DEFEATING THEIR COMPATRIOTS, MISS MAUREEN CONNOLLY AND MISS JULIE SAMPSON BY 6-0, 6-0.

On July 3 V. Seixas, seeded No. 2 at Wimbledon, and ranked No. 2 in his own country, the United States, won the game's greatest prize when he defeated Kurt Nielsen, of Denmark, by 9-7, 6-3, 6-4, in the final on the Centre Court. Seixas, who is twenty-nine, is the sixth American to win the title since the war. Kurt Nielsen, of Denmark, was the first unseeded player to reach the final since 1930. It is the first time that Seixas, who played consistently well throughout



THE END OF ONE OF THE GREATEST FINALS OF THE WOMEN'S SINGLES EVER PLAYED AT WIMBLEDON: MISS M. CONNOLLY (LEFT) SHAKING HANDS WITH MISS D. HART, WHOM SHE HAD DEFEATED BY 8-6, 7-5.



HOLDER OF THE WOMEN'S SINGLES CHAMPIONSHIP FOR THE SECOND YEAR IN SUCCESSION: MISS MAUREEN CONNOLLY RECEIVING THE TROPHY FROM H.R.H. THE DUCHESS OF KENT IN THE ROYAL BOX AT WIMBLEDON.



THE FOUR AUSTRALIAN FINALISTS IN THE MEN'S DOUBLES: (R. TO L.) K. ROSEWALL AND L. HOAD, WHO DEFEATED M. ROSE AND R. HARTWIG BY 6-4, 7-5, 4-6, 7-5. THE TWO WINNERS ARE NOW CHAMPIONS OF AUSTRALIA, FRANCE AND WIMBLEDON.

the Wimbledon meeting, has won a major national title. On the last day, July 4, the great event was the final of the Women's Singles, in which Miss Maureen Connolly, the eighteen-year-old player from the United States whose name already ranks with those of the greatest women players of all time, defeated Miss Doris Hart, the 1951 holder, by 8-6, 7-5. This match has been rightly acclaimed as one of the greatest women's finals ever played on the Centre Court.



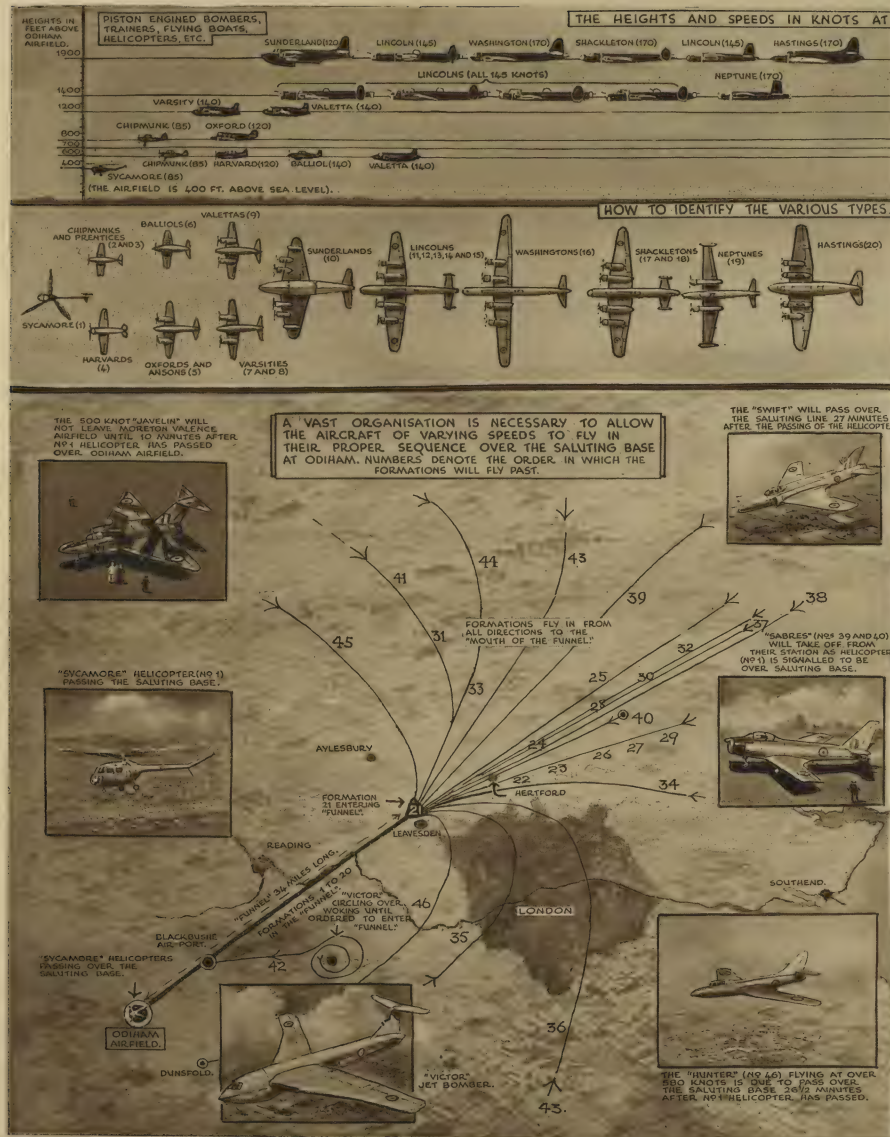
A HEART-WARMING REVIEW AT THE HUB OF THE COMMONWEALTH: HER MAJESTY THE QUEEN DRIVING PAST THE RANKS OF 63,000 EX-SERVICE MEN AND WOMEN IN HYDE PARK.

On the afternoon of Sunday, July 5, in brilliant sunshine, some 63,000 former soldiers, sailors and airmen and members of the women's auxiliary and nursing services, gathered in Hyde Park from all parts of the United Kingdom at her Majesty's express wish, to take part in a great Coronation Parade. The Queen

wore a frock of powder blue and a large picture hat, and was accompanied by the Duke of Edinburgh, attired, like all the other ex-Servicemen, in plain clothes but wearing medals. After a short service conducted by the Bishop of Ripon (Chaplain-General to the Forces during the war), the Queen and the Duke drove

slowly past the assembled thousands in a Service vehicle. Returning to the dais, the Queen spoke to the gathering, ending with the words: "I thank you with all my heart for what you have done in the past and are still doing to-day. May the coming years bring you the happiness and prosperity which you so well

deserve." Later the Queen walked to another dais and took the salute of the procession, which included Boer War representatives and members of the "Old Contemptibles"; some of those present drove past the Queen in invalid carriages and others of the disabled were driven past in coaches.



THE ROYAL REVIEW OF THE R.A.F.: HOW THE 600 AIRCRAFT WILL FLY PAST THE QUEEN—THEIR TYPES

The most spectacular feature of the great Review of the Royal Air Force arranged for next Wednesday (July 15) at Odham air station, undoubtedly the "fly-past"—the thirty minutes or so in which a stream of aircraft of all types and speeds are to pass her Majesty at the saluting-base on the airfield; and it is to the formation and organisation of this great "sky procession" that the main attention is devoted. The Odham Review, the R.A.F.'s equivalent of the Royal Navy's Spitfire Review, will be the largest ever held by the Queen of a parade of over 1000 officers and men drawn from all Commands of the R.A.F. and including a contingent of the W.R.A.F. After luncheon in the

Officers' Mess, the intention is to see a static exhibition of all types of aircraft in the Service, together with all types of ground and major equipment. The fly-past is timed to start at 3.40 p.m., and our drawing explains its nature to the spectator, and perhaps indicates to him the weeks and months of organisation necessary so that this great pageant of aircraft shall pass in correct sequence and precise height over the given point at the given time. A naval review is mainly of ships, and is general unaffected by the weather: an aerial "fly-past" is a meeting succession of elements, and is somewhat more changeable, depending on cancellation; and, until the same hour of the day, the demand

The great bombing raids of the war called for great planning and navigational accuracy, but these were generally organisations of very similar aircraft. The Odiham "fly-past" consists of all types, from slow trainers and helicopters to fast bombers, flying-boats and jet fighters with speeds up to 600 m.p.h. These are all flying in a loose V-formation, and the main line of aircraft is made up, some far, some near—and all follow strictly courses which converge on the mouth of Leaveden, in Hertfordshire, where they enter in due sequence the "mouth of the funnel" and the 39-mile air corridor leading to the saluting-base. When the 100 or so aircraft are over the saluting-base, twenty others, with the CO-OPERATION OF THE AIR MINISTRY.

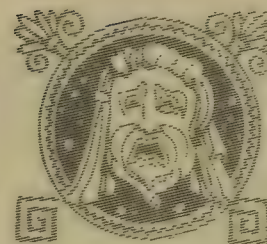
formations (of gradually increasing speed) will be in this corridor or others will be approaching the "mouth of the funnel." The Sabres leave their base as the helicopters salute, while at Moreton Valence, the *Javelins* will still be on the ground for another ten minutes, while the real "back-markers," the *Hunter* and the *Suift*, will be waiting their turn at Dunsfold and Chilbolton respectively. Only the giant Phantom-Page *Victor* bomber does not pass down the corridor, but the *Royal* Regent, coasting over Woking until it turns and proceeds over the saluting-base at its appointed time, has been rearranged to fly ahead of the bombers were the final ones at the time of writing, but were liable to modification.



THE WORLD OF THE CINEMA.

THREE IN ONE.

By ALAN DENT.



AND what an uneasy world it is at the moment! On the new wide screen at the Empire in Leicester Square they have just been showing a desperately star-spangled new film called "The Story of Three Loves."

This is one Hollywood firm's answer to television. It is three forty-minute films stuck together to make what is intended to be a super-film of little more than ordinary length. In the normal way of things, that is to say, in the normal procedure of a Hollywood without panic, this would have been three separate films of normal length. And from the public point of view the three separate films would have been more enjoyable. The public is going to miss the padding to which it has been so long accustomed. Padding, with such fare, is as desirable as bread accompanying a meal.

Let us briefly examine each tale as told in its limited scope. "The Jealous Lover," directed by Gottfried Reinhardt, is an episode in which Moira Shearer is a beautiful ballet-dancer condemned by her doctor to inactivity because of her weak heart. After attending a performance at the theatre she executes a few steps on the empty stage for her own delight. She is discovered in this process by impresario James Mason, who rushes her off to his private house in his private car, that she may dance, for his private amusement, to what sounds to me almost the whole of Rachmaninoff's "Variations on a Theme of Paganini." This is an

youth with a shy smile—Farley Granger—who reads Verlaine, in a soft voice and an American accent, to his governess on a terrace in the moonlight. She, of course, is much too fascinated to recognise a former pupil who pronounced *suspendu* as "*suspendoo*."

The third and last story, "Equilibrium," directed again by Gottfried Reinhardt, is a Parisian drama of a trapeze-artist—the popular and agile Kirk Douglas—

American at that—remain virtually untapped. I refer obliquely—since I fail to see why I should be unhelpful for nothing—to the author of "Tanglewood Tales" and to the originator of "The Heathen Chinee."

Let me turn instead to the advantages—and disadvantages—of the new wide screen and the new resources of sound and extension. In "Equilibrium," for example, one genuinely is given the illusion of watching trapeze-artists at their perilous game in some huge circus. The hollow noises here are as helpful as the wide screen. But where is the advantage of seeing any artist, however well-favoured, in such enormous close-up as we are now given with these new developments? The dent in Kirk Douglas's chin in this film more than once takes on the depth and size of a moon-crater seen through an astronomical telescope. And it pleases me to note that my engaging colleague, Mr. Campbell Dixon, of *The Daily Telegraph*, was independently distracted by another aspect of the same visage, since he wrote: "The shots of the circus interior are effective. I am not so sure about enlargement to the point where the veins in Mr. Douglas's eye suggest the canals of Mars."

Just as I was sitting down to express my views on this same film, I was invited to see a demonstration of something called CinemaScope in a huge but unfamiliar cinema in Central London. Here the screen was almost half as wide again as the new one at the Empire. The three-dimensional effects were as remarkable as the colour was natural. A view of the Coronation, another of New York from the water-front, and a third of winter sports in Switzerland brought forth spontaneous outbursts of applause.

They might well. In sheer size and actuality this demonstration was an immense counterblast to the competition of domestic televiewing. But when it came to a feature film adapted to this screen—a film, incidentally, in which Betty Grable discussed with two other girls how best to secure a millionaire as husband—it was immediately obvious that the human voice had become blurred and that the dialogue was



"AN EPISODE IN WHICH MOIRA SHEARER IS A BEAUTIFUL BALLET-DANCER CONDEMNED BY HER DOCTOR TO INACTIVITY BECAUSE OF HER WEAK HEART": "THE JEALOUS LOVER," DIRECTED BY GOTTFRIED REINHARDT—ONE OF THE THREE FILMS IN "THE STORY OF THREE LOVES" (M.G.-M.), SHOWING PAULA (MOIRA SHEARER) AND CHARLES (JAMES MASON) IN THE LATTER'S STUDIO.

who saves a beautiful waif from drowning in the Seine and seems thereafter bent upon teaching her to commit suicide by degrees—*i.e.*, as his partner on the flying trapeze—rather than suddenly. The waif is Pier Angeli, that little Italian girl who has gone to Hollywood to be made into a star, and those dark eyes of hers being quite as beautiful as "the bright eyes of danger," we are kept agreeably thrilled by this story right up to its sensational ending.

Intelligent padding, as I have said, could have turned each of these contributory tales into a far more satisfactory single film. It could have explained away—or at least hidden away—the improbabilities of No. 1. It could have heightened the not at all unpleasant fantasticality of No. 2. It could have developed the characters of the two chief partners in No. 3, giving us some hint of the man's sinister past, which is only suggested, and exploring far more fully than we are allowed to go into the girl's source of unhappiness.

Let me forbear on this occasion—since I have not the space—to say what I think of the feebly inept dodge by which the three tales are strung together or connected, since they have not even an author in common. Let me desist from offering any gratis suggestions for short-story films as effective as the recent O. Henry film, "Full House," giving myself room to mutter no more than the fact that some 500 more O. Henry stories remain in the box, and that at least two short-story writers—both classical and both



"I WAS INVITED TO SEE A DEMONSTRATION OF SOMETHING CALLED CINEMASCOPE. . . . THE THREE-DIMENSIONAL EFFECTS WERE AS REMARKABLE AS THE COLOUR WAS NATURAL": "HOW TO MARRY A MILLIONAIRE" (20TH-CENTURY FOX)—ONE OF THE FILMS WHICH MR. DENT SAW IN CINEMASCOPE—A SCENE SHOWING (L. TO R.) CAMERON MITCHELL, MARILYN MONROE, BETTY GRABLE AND LAUREN BACALL. IN THIS FILM BETTY GRABLE "DISCUSSED WITH TWO OTHER GIRLS HOW BEST TO SECURE A MILLIONAIRE AS A HUSBAND."



THE THIRD AND LAST STORY IN "THE STORY OF THREE LOVES": "EQUILIBRIUM," DIRECTED BY GOTTFRIED REINHARDT, SHOWING THE TRAPEZE-ARTIST (KIRK DOUGLAS) AND HIS PARTNER (PIER ANGELI) ON THE FLYING TRAPEZE. MR. DENT SAYS: "WE ARE KEPT AGREEABLY THRILLED BY THIS STORY RIGHT UP TO ITS SENSATIONAL ENDING."

exciting and romantic composition, and Miss Shearer is an exquisite dancer. But it does seem to me a trifle improbable (a) that any impresario—even the brashly egotistic one that Mr. Mason draws with his accustomed skill—would allow a girl to dance a whole ballet all by herself and all to himself; (b) that the girl would give no indication of her delicate and dangerously bad health in the first place; and (c) that her auricles and ventricles would hold out till she had returned home, had said good-night to mother, and was half-way upstairs to bed.

The second story, "Mademoiselle," directed by Vincente Minelli, is a fantasy about a nasty, spoiled, rich little American boy in Rome who is rude to his enchanting French governess—M.G.-M.'s dancing star, Leslie Caron, not dancing for once—when she is teaching him his French irregular verbs. A wealthy old witch—majestically played by Ethel Barrymore—accords the little boy a wish that he may be ten years older for the course of a single evening. The harsh-voiced imp suddenly turns into a dinner-jacketed

only half-audible. This may, of course, be a fault in the actual cinema. But it is a fact, too, that some of the players in the Empire film—Leslie Caron, for example, and the boy-actor who played her pupil—could here and there be understood only with difficulty. If, as a result of all the new improvements, we have to start to strain in order to hear what film-actors have to say, the cinema will lose the one powerful superiority it has over the living theatre—in the process of asserting its advantages over the television screen.

PERSONALITIES OF THE WEEK: PEOPLE IN THE PUBLIC EYE.



AIR CHIEF-MARSHAL SIR BASIL EMBRY.
To succeed General L. Norstad, of the United States, as Air Commander in Central Europe. His appointment gives Britain one of the operational commands in Central Europe. His sector includes the invasion routes along which Russia would almost certainly move in case of war.

AIR CHIEF-MARSHAL SIR ARTHUR P. M. SANDERS.
Appointed to succeed General Sir Frank Simpson as Commandant of the Imperial Defence College, with effect from January 1, 1954. Air Chief-Marshal Sanders, who is fifty-five, has been C-in-C., Middle East Air Force, since 1952. He was Vice-Chief of the Air Staff from 1948-50.



LEAVING HOSPITAL IN BOSTON AFTER HIS RECENT OPERATION: MR. EDEN, ACCOMPANIED BY HIS WIFE.
On June 29 Mr. Eden left the New England Baptist Hospital in Boston, U.S.A., and drove to the Rhode Island estate of Mr. John Barry Ryan, where he has been spending the first part of his convalescence. A bulletin issued by the hospital said: "We are convinced that after a full period of convalescence complete recovery can be assured."

MR. A. M. S. NEAVE.
Retained Abingdon for the Conservatives in the by-election on June 30 with an increased majority. The by-election was caused by the elevation of Sir Ralph Glyn to the peerage. Mr. Neave polled 22,986 votes in a three-cornered fight, the Liberal candidate losing his deposit. The Conservative majority of 5860 showed an increase of 977 over the General Election.



MISS EDITH PITT.
Retained the Edgbaston Division of Birmingham for the Conservatives in the by-election on July 2, which was caused by the elevation to the peerage of Sir Peter Bennett. Miss Pitt polled 20,142 votes in a straight fight, her Labour opponent, Mr. F. B. Watson, gaining 9635 votes; a Conservative majority of 10,507.



A BENEFACTOR TO BIRMINGHAM CITY ART GALLERY: MR. J. LESLIE WRIGHT (SEATED).
Mr. J. Leslie Wright, who (as noted on another page) has presented his collection of English water-colours and drawings to the Birmingham City Art Gallery, was born in 1862 and came to Birmingham to live in 1886. Our photograph shows him at his home, Hasleley House, Warwickshire, with Mr. R. Rowe, Assistant Keeper, Department of Art, Birmingham Museum.



LIEUT.-COMMANDER MICHAEL LITHGOW.
Lieut.-Commander Michael Lithgow, of the Fleet Air Arm, set up a new London to Paris air record on July 5 by flying a *Supermarine Swift* fighter from London Airport to Le Bourget in 19 mins. 18 secs., at an air speed of 669.2 miles an hour. The previous record of 20 mins. 37 secs. was set up by Mr. T. S. Wade in 1949 with a *Hawker P 1052*.



BACK FROM ULSTER: GROUP CAPTAIN P. TOWNSEND,
who was in attendance during the royal tour. The Queen has appointed Group Captain Peter Townsend, Esquerry (temporary) to her Majesty, to be an Extra Esquerry to the Queen on being released to resume duty with the R.A.F. It was reported on July 2 that Group Captain Townsend had been appointed Air Attaché at the British Embassy in Brussels. He is to take up his duties later this month.



MR. IMRE NAGY.
Unanimously elected Prime Minister of a new Hungarian Communist Government by the Hungarian National Assembly on July 4. Immediately after taking office Mr. Nagy announced far-reaching changes in Government policy aimed at improving the economic lot of the Hungarian people and easing political pressure on them.



AT HILLSBOROUGH: H.M. THE QUEEN, H.R.H. THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH, LADY BROOKEBOROUGH AND LORD BROOKEBOROUGH (LEFT), AND LADY WAKEHURST AND LORD WAKEHURST (RIGHT).
Our photograph shows H.M. the Queen and the Duke of Edinburgh on the evening of their arrival in Northern Ireland for a 3-day State visit. The Royal visitors attended a State dinner party given by the Governor and Lady Wakehurst at Government House, Hillsborough. After dinner the Queen received 120 guests at a reception in the Throne Room. Later the Queen and the Duke of Edinburgh appeared on the balcony of the floodlit building.



MR. W. ROBERTSON.
U.S. Assistant Secretary of State for Far Eastern Affairs, who arrived in Korea on June 25 as President Eisenhower's envoy with a secret message to President Rhee from Mr. Foster Dulles. At the time of writing Mr. Robertson is still having secret talks with President Rhee in an effort to persuade the South Koreans to accept the Allies' stand on a truce.



MR. RAKOSI.
Replaced by Mr. Imre Nagy as Hungarian Prime Minister. Mr. Rakosi, who had been Prime Minister since the Communist Party first seized power in Hungary, was the object of an almost Stalin-like personal cult and was virtual dictator of Hungary. He has now been dropped from the Government and the new Premier has announced a reversal of policy.



PRINCE AZZEDINE BEY.
Heir-presumptive to the Bey of Tunis who was assassinated on July 1. He was shot while reading the morning newspapers in his summer-house and died later in hospital. The assailant, a Tunisian called Hedi Ben Brahim Ben Ejebara Djerid, was captured and is reported to have said that he was given £200 to murder the seventy-two-year-old Prince Azzedine.

IN AN ENGLISH GARDEN.

BILLIARD-TABLE GARDEN.

By CLARENCE ELLIOTT, V.M.H.

THE term "Billiard-Table Garden" is not, I need hardly say, in general usage. Nor is the thing itself at all common among gardeners. But billiard-table gardens in their various forms can serve such pleasant and practical purposes that I feel they are well worth explaining—and exploiting. The first example that

Billiard Table." I rather think that some friend had remarked chaffingly, and with an element of truth, that it looked more like a billiard table than anything else. It certainly did. But what matter? It grew its plants. An oasis, a sanctuary for lime- and chalk-haters, set in a sea of potential poison. In the long run it is, of course, sheer crazy waste of time, money and energy, as well as downright cruelty to plants, to attempt the general cultivation of such lime-haters as rhododendrons,

undressed stone was the most easily obtained, and the most appropriate walling material available. The bottom of the walled billiard table was filled with stone rubble to a depth of a foot or so, and this was topped up to the brim with a good loam-scrée mixture, loam, sand, a little peat, and much broken-up stone grit. The whole of the top surface is dead level, except for one or two quite low eruptions, not more than 2 or 3 ins. high, of sunken tufa rocks, for the benefit of certain special plants. To-day, the billiard table, in an open sunny setting in lawn, is well and richly clothed with plants, and, unlike the other billiard tables that I have mentioned, it makes quite an important feature in the general garden picture. Its attractiveness is greatly added to by the containing walls, which have made ideal homes for a number of typical wall and cliff-haunting plants, *Primula marginata*, silver saxifrages and various campanulas, especially *C. fenestrellata*. In early June a great plant of *Pentstemon roezlii* was as fine as I have ever seen that gorgeous, ruby-red, dwarf-spreading species. Close to the pentstemon was a clump of rose-pink *Æthionema* "Warley Rose" nearly a yard across. *Geranium argenteum*, with silver leaves and cold pale-pink flowers, and *Geranium farreri*, with palest rose blossoms—both dwarf—are good; but even lovelier, to my mind, is the newcomer *Geranium dalmaticum*, which looks like *G. farreri*, with big blossoms of a very beautiful tone of warm rose-pink.

Dianthus neglectus, *D. alpinus*, and the *alpinus* hybrid pink, *D. boydii*, seem to revel in the not too austere scree soil, and the hybrid *Campanula kewensis* delights in rambling through the shingly mixture. Then there is a fine plant of Edelweiss, flowering profusely, an attractive thing with its ragged stars of silvery-white felt, and worth growing if only, to astonish the many who think it rare, difficult to grow and deadly dangerous to gather in the Alps. It's nothing of the sort. But its reputation gives many a cheap thrill, and how popular such thrills are! There are, however, far too many beautiful plants and rare plants on the billiard table to enumerate and describe here. One more, however, I can not resist mentioning, it is so rare, so beautiful, so fragrant, and is prospering so surprisingly. Above all—let me



"TWO OR THREE YEARS AGO MY SON STARTED A 'BILLIARD TABLE' IN HIS GARDEN, WHICH HAS TURNED OUT AN ENORMOUS SUCCESS . . . TO-DAY THE 'BILLIARD TABLE,' IN AN OPEN, SUNNY SETTING IN LAWN, IS WELL AND RICHLY CLOTHED WITH PLANTS AND, UNLIKE THE OTHER 'BILLIARD TABLES' THAT I HAVE MENTIONED, IT MAKES QUITE AN IMPORTANT FEATURE IN THE GENERAL PICTURE."

In this short section of the "billiard table" can be seen (right and centre) two large bushes of *Æthionema*. Behind the centre one of these is a clump of *Pentstemon roezlii*, and on the left upper surface is one of the part-sunk tufa blocks to which Mr. Elliott refers.

I ever knew was at Stevenage, when I was running my Six Hills Alpine Nursery. The soil there was stiff loam over chalk, and therefore quite unsuited for growing peat-loving and lime-hating plants. Yet there were many such species which I sometimes wanted to grow, planted out, rather than in pots of specially prepared soil. So I made what came to be known on the nursery as "the sleeper bed." It was a long, rectangular raised bed of peat and leaf mould, contained by old railway sleepers. The bed was two sleepers long, one sleeper wide, and the depth of two sleepers on edge. That is to say, there were two tiers of sleepers, laid on edge, one above the other. For many years that sleeper bed was quite invaluable. All sorts of peat-loving plants were forever being dumped into it—temporarily. But often they remained as permanent residents, to afford valuable stock from which the nursery could propagate. Years later I saw another raised peat bed, constructed very like mine, and for much the same reason, and purpose. It was in Colonel F. C. Stern's garden, at Goring, on the Sussex coast. That remarkable and beautiful garden has been built up and developed over a period of some forty years, on almost solid chalk. Colonel Stern has experimented endlessly to find out what will and what will not flourish on a chalky soil, and has concentrated on cultivating such plants as really like chalky conditions. In spite of this, however, there were apparently certain small lime-hating plants which he could not resist growing, not as part of the garden pageant, but as individual specimens. For this purpose he constructed a raised rectangular peat bed. I only saw this bed once, a good many years ago, and can not now remember whether it was contained by brick or stone walls, or sleepers. I rather think it was sleepers, and I seem to remember that it was tucked away in an inconspicuous corner, for purely private and personal enjoyment of the treasures that it contained.

The only plant in it that I can remember was a large and extremely flourishing clump of the usually temperamental *Calceolaria darwinii*. That bed of Colonel Stern's was referred to as "The

azaleas, and the majority of the heathers in chalky and limey districts, by digging out beds and filling them with peat. Invariably water, charged with lime in solution, seeps in, so that sooner or later—usually sooner—the shrubs become a collection of sickly invalids. Those that are lucky die fairly soon. Others linger in a hideous sort of living death. The Billiard Table is a very different matter. Being well raised above chalk-level, lime-charged water can not seep in from the sides. But it is a purely functional device for the cultivation of a few small choice species, which the owner grows for their own individual interest and beauty. In a way it is not unlike those glass-sided, glass-topped drawing-room tables in which folk are wont to accumulate precious trivial trinkets. The silver or trinket table contributes nothing to the decorative scheme of a room. Nor does the billiard table contribute to the landscape effect of the garden. But billiard-table gardening need not be confined to peat plants in a non-peat neighbourhood. It solves the problem of growing a collection of Alpine plants without constructing a conventional rock garden for them, and one can grow with the Alpines a number of small plants which are quite un-Alpine in origin and character.

Two or three years ago my son started a billiard table in his garden, which has turned out an enormous success. It is a pretty big one, being about 25 ft. long by 6 ft. wide. It is contained by stone walls a trifle over 3 ft. high. Local,



AN OBLIQUE VIEW OF THE 25-FT.-LONG SIDE OF THE "BILLIARD-TABLE" GARDEN. IN THE FOREGROUND IS THAT MOST DELIGHTFUL OF DWARF ROSES, "ROSE DE MEAUX."

Photographs by J. R. Jameson.

confess—I had a hand in its arriving there. This is a plant of *Daphne striata alba*. I found it a few years ago in the Alps, and brought home some scions, which my son grafted. *Daphne striata* itself is for some reason or other rare in cultivation. A specimen of its rare white-flowered variety is a triumph indeed, especially when it measures over a foot across, and carries two or three dozen shoots, each preparing to blossom next spring.

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RAIN AND NO RAIN: CONTRASTING DISASTERS, AND OTHER ITEMS.



WHERE SHOALS OF INVADING MACKEREL STOPPED A SWIMMING GALA: A SWIMMING-POOL ON THE EAST COAST OF GUERNSEY WHICH HAD TO BE EMPTIED. Shoals of mackerel "invaded" the east coast of Guernsey on June 30 and a swimming gala had to be switched from one of the open-air sea-bathing pools to another. The fish were so numerous that the pool had to be emptied of water and the mackerel taken away in lorries.



FLOODS IN THE PARIS REGION: A STREET AT ISSY LES MOULINEAUX UNDER WATER AFTER A STORM OF EXCEPTIONAL SEVERITY ON JULY 1. A violent storm hit parts of the Paris region on July 1 and caused considerable damage. This photograph taken at Issy les Moulineaux shows a street in this district as the storm, which was accompanied by torrential rain, began to abate.



A LANDSLIDE IN A SWISS VILLAGE AFTER TORRENTIAL RAINS WHICH CAUSED THE WORST FLOODS FOR SEVENTY-SEVEN YEARS: MUD SWIRLING AROUND HOUSES IN SCHMERIKON. A week of torrential rain at the end of June caused extensive floods in several parts of eastern Switzerland. Troops and firemen were called out to help in 130 villages. Our photograph shows a scene in the village of Schmerikon, in the canton of St. Gallen, where a landslide caused widespread damage.



TRANSFORMED INTO A RAGING SEA BY THE WORST FLOODS OF THE CENTURY: THE JAPANESE ISLAND OF KYUSHU. Phenomenal rainstorms at the end of June caused the worst floods of the century on the Japanese island of Kyushu. Some 400 people lost their lives and over a million were made homeless. Whole villages disappeared under the flood-waters.



FARM LAND IN DROUGHT-STRICKEN TEXAS REDUCED TO THE SEMBLANCE OF A DESERT: DRY, DRIFTING TOP SOIL HAS SILTED UP AROUND THE IDLE FARM MACHINERY. The United States of America has been suffering from prolonged high temperatures which have made records in New York, Chicago, Boston, St. Louis, and other cities, including Atlantic City, where 112 degrees was unofficially reported. Drought, said to be the most prolonged within the history of the south-west,



NO LONGER A LAKE, BUT A WASTE OF SUNBAKED MUD: BACKMAN LAKE, NEAR DALLAS, IN TEXAS. 8,000,000 DOLLARS HAS BEEN ALLOCATED FOR DROUGHT RELIEF. has struck Texas severely. Farm land has been reduced to the likeness of a desert and lakes have completely dried up. It was announced on June 29 that President Eisenhower had allocated 8,000,000 dollars emergency relief to the affected areas in Texas and Oklahoma.

THE CARTHORSE WHO LOVES TO JUMP, AND ITEMS FROM LAND, SEA AND AIR.



THE SUPERMARINE SWIFT, IN WHICH LIEUT.-COMMANDER LITHGOW PUT UP A DOUBLE LONDON-PARIS AIR RECORD; FLYING TO PARIS IN 19 MINS. 18 SECS. AND BACK IN 19 MINS. 14'3 SECS. On the morning of July 5, Lieut.-Commander M. Lithgow flew a *Supermarine Swift* from London Airport to Le Bourget in 19 mins. 18 secs. The previous record was Mr. T. S. Wade's 20 mins. 37 secs. in a *Hawker P. 1052* in 1949. In the afternoon he took part in the Paris Air Show and later returned to London in 19 mins. 14'3 secs., or at 664'3 m.p.h.



THE NEW LIFEBOAT FOR CAMPBELLTOWN (KINTYRE): THE R.N.L.B. CITY OF GLASGOW II., WHICH RECENTLY CAME INTO SERVICE AFTER DELIVERY FROM COWES, I.O.W. BEFORE DELIVERY IT WAS PRESENT AT THE SPITHEAD REVIEW.



THE CARTHORSE WHO LOVES JUMPING: MANDY, A TEN-YEAR-OLD, 16 HANDS HIGH, 17 CWT. BAY GELDING.

One day Mr. John Rocks, of Glebe Farm, South Ruislip, Middlesex, discovered that his carthorse *Mandy*, a ten-year-old, 16 hands high, bay gelding of 17 cwt., had a taste and a talent for jumping. The horse was found hedge-hopping, and "for a lark I decided to enter him in shows. He can clear 5 ft. 6 ins. in jumps with ease and as gracefully as a National winner. The horse jumps for the sheer joy of it, with or without a rider. *Mandy* is always good for a laugh as he enters the arena . . . and thunders towards the hurdles—but he has a horse-laugh on the crowd instead when they see him clearing all the jumps. He never refuses an obstacle."



MANDY THE CARTHORSE, IN THE RÔLE MORE APPROPRIATE TO HIS AGE AND WEIGHT, WITH MISS DOROTHY ROCKS.



PRINCESS MARGARET'S SEALYHAM, ILMER JOHNNY BOY, WITH SIR JOCELYN LUCAS, WHO SHOWED HIM; AND THE CHALLENGE CUP HE WON IN THE BREED SHOW AT WINDSOR. In the Sealyham Terrier Breeders' Association's Silver Jubilee Championship Show at Windsor Great Park on July 3, Princess Margaret's personal pet *Ilmer Johnny Boy* won the first prize in the Special Restricted Open Class for the best dog not exceeding standard weight. He was shown on behalf of the Princess by Sir Jocelyn Lucas.



RE-THATCHING RINGSFIELD CHURCH, IN SUFFOLK, ONE OF THE FEW THATCHED CHURCHES IN THE COUNTY. IT WAS LAST RE-THATCHED EXACTLY SEVENTY YEARS AGO, DURING THE RESTORATION OF THE CHURCH AT THAT DATE. THE THATCH USED IS A REED THATCH.



LEAVING KING'S CROSS FOR ITS INAUGURAL RUN: THE ELIZABETHAN EXPRESS, WHICH COVERED THE 392½ MILES TO EDINBURGH IN 6 HOURS 45 MINS.—THE FASTEST TIME EVER SCHEDULED FOR THE WORLD'S LONGEST DAILY NON-STOP RUN.

THE WORLD'S OLDEST PERSIAN CARPET, PRESERVED FOR 2400 YEARS IN PERPETUAL ICE IN CENTRAL SIBERIA, ASTONISHING NEW DISCOVERIES FROM THE SCYTHIAN TOMBS OF PAZYRYK.

By R. D. BARNETT, F.S.A., Deputy Keeper in the Department of Egyptian and Assyrian Antiquities, British Museum, and W. WATSON, Assistant Keeper in the Department of Oriental Antiquities, British Museum.

MANY archaeological discoveries made in this age have shown that the more delicate and finer monuments and materials of antiquity are irrevocably lost to us, unless by chance preserved in abnormal or freakish conditions. Thus, in the tombs of Upper Egypt or in the Dead Sea caves, the dryness of the climate has preserved objects, especially inscribed papyri and woodwork, which would otherwise have crumbled away. Curiously enough, the preservative effect is obtained by opposite means when wooden objects or textiles have been immersed in water since antiquity, as in the instance of the sumptuous Hellenistic, Scythian and Chinese textiles found at Noin Ula, in Northern Mongolia, by the Russians in 1924-25. The accident of the eruption of Vesuvius in A.D. 69 sealed off and protected perfectly under ashes and lava both Herculaneum and Pompeii. Russia has more than once preserved mammoths by natural refrigeration in ice, their tusks even becoming an article of trade—but never before the Pazyryk discoveries had this accident been found applying to the works of man.

The Pazyryk burial mounds, or *kurgans*, were first observed by their excavator, S. I. Rudenko, in 1924, when he led a reconnaissance on behalf of the ethnographical section of the Russian Museum. The group of five large and several smaller stone-heaped mounds is situated on the sloping side of the small Pazyryk Valley, near the junction of the Ulagan and Balyktyul rivers, in a lonely part of Southern Siberia, some 124 miles south-east of Bisk, and about 49 miles from the Outer Mongolian frontier, in the region now called Gorny Altai. The ancient world, East and West, knew little or nothing of a place so remote, but its legendary wealth in gold was known to Herodotus's informants. North of the Issedones and beyond the high mountains, he was told, dwelt the "gold-guarding Gryphs." A study of Herodotus's list of nomadic peoples stretching far into Asia admits the identification of these Gryphs with the people whose chieftains occupied the Pazyryk tombs.

These were excavated by expeditions in 1927, 1929 and, with the support of the Hermitage Museum, in 1947-49. The most recently excavated tomb is No. 5, some of whose contents, eclipsing even the earlier finds, are illustrated here. (The material of this article is from Rudenko's book—in Russian—"Finds in the Gorny-Altai and the Scyths," Leningrad, 1952.) Rudenko believes, on the convincing evidence of textiles imported from the Near East, that the fifth burial mound may be dated in the fifth century B.C. In common with the other burial mounds its covering cairn of small stones sheltered a timber-lined pit containing in its southern half a smaller burial chamber constructed (pre-fabricated, to judge, from guide-marks) of dressed logs. The pits had in every case become filled with perennial ice. The excavators were able to melt the ice away with hot water, revealing embalmed corpses, clothing, textiles, saddles and bridles, objects of leather and wood, all almost perfectly preserved.

The cause of the perpetual freezing has not been fully explained. The subsoil of this region is not subject to perennial freezing, and the formation of permanent ice in the tombs has not been fully explained. The artificial conditions of ventilation created by the construction of the grave, possibly enhanced by the interference of grave-robbers who were soon on the scene, are thought to account for this extraordinary and fortunate phenomenon. The grave-robbers seem to have penetrated into the tombs shortly after the burials and before the ice had formed. They removed ornaments from the corpses, severing heads and limbs for this purpose. They appear to have stolen all objects of gold, leaving only the gold foil used in decorating dress and equipment. Thereafter the pits filled with water, which froze and so preserved the contents of the tombs for the following 2400 years.

The variety and number of the finds give a dramatic illumination of culture and history comparable to the discovery of Royal tombs in China and the Near East. The burials reflect the customary conception of

a material future state. In the burial chambers proper, surrounding the log coffins of the man and woman buried in each tomb, were found personal possessions of all kinds, food in wooden dishes (these sometimes on small wooden tables with legs carved in the shape of lions); clothes and harness decorated in fantastic elaboration of animal motifs and patterns based on the lotus and palmette; cushions, weapons, sometimes drums, and once, in the second burial-mound, a musical instrument "resembling the Assyrian harp." In the space in the north end of the pit (Fig. 1, which illustrates the similar disposition of



FIG. 1. A TYPICAL PAZYRYK BURIAL-MOUND SHOWN IN PLAN. THIS IS THE SECOND BURIAL (OR KURGAN), FOUND IN 1929, AND CONTAINS ONE COFFIN IN THE CHAMBER, WHICH WAS ROOFED WITH LOGS. IMMEDIATELY OUTSIDE THE CHAMBER TEN HORSES WERE SLAIN IN THE PIT. THE FIFTH KURGAN ALSO CONTAINED A LIGHT CHARIOT.

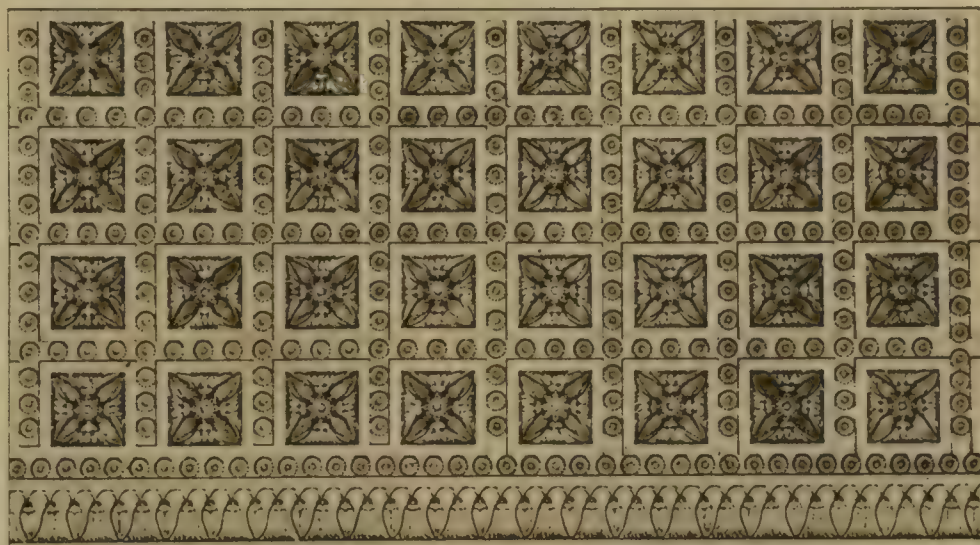


FIG. 2. A CARPET, SCULPTURED IN STONE, FROM THE ASSYRIAN PALACE AT KUYUNJIK (NINEVEH) AND DATING FROM THE EIGHTH CENTURY B.C. ITS QUATREFOIL DESIGN SUGGESTS A SOURCE FOR THE SIMILAR DESIGN IN THE CENTRE OF THE CARPET FOUND IN THE FIFTH KURGAN AT PAZYRYK (FIG. 10).



FIG. 3. FROM A TAPESTRY SADDLECLOTH IMPORTED BY THE ALTAI SCYTHIANS FROM PERSIA: A FRIEZE OF PASSANT LIONS, POLYCHROME ON A LIGHT BLUE BACKGROUND.

the second burial-mound), between the wall and the internal burial chamber, were rows of horses, varying in different burials from seven to sixteen in number, all slain by a blow on the skull from an axe. With the horses in each pit was a cart, used, we presume, in the funeral cortège. The fifth mound contained in addition a light chariot of skilful construction, having wheels about 4 ft. in diameter, with numerous

slender spokes (Fig. 8). Each burial chamber contained also a bundle of poles, convincingly interpreted by the excavator as the framework of a tent used for inhaling the intoxicating fumes of hemp. In the second burial-mound bronze vessels were placed under a six-legged stand of poles, to one of which a flask of hemp-seeds was attached.

The narcotic use of hemp and the rôle of carts and chariots in the funeral are in striking agreement with Herodotus's account of the Scyths of South Russia, who paraded a dead chieftain on a cart through his territory and among his subjects before he was buried, and then enjoyed a hemp bath. Of the tribes living east of the Don, Herodotus knew little beyond their names, and a suggestion that in general they shared the manners of the nomadic Scyths. The problem of the eastern extension of the Scyths, and what this implies in language, culture and race, is still a subject of argument. "Scythian" bronze and gold plaques depicting real and fantastic creatures in characteristic and remarkably uniform stylisation have been found from South Russia to far Eastern Siberia. They have, however, rarely been found in scientific excavations, and little is thus known of their association with human or other cultural remains, particularly in regions removed from the direct influence of colonial-Greek or Achaemenid Persian civilisation. At Pazyryk the "animal-style" art of remote nomads is exemplified in wide variety: horses, eagles (Fig. 7), falcons, cats, elks (Fig. 7), deer (Fig. 9), panthers, bird-griffins and lion-griffins, all drawn in the familiar vigorous convention. The finest examples of animal patterns found at Pazyryk, and among the best seen anywhere, are, in fact, the figures profusely tattooed on a male corpse from the second burial-mound. In favouring eared and horned birds, the Altai is more akin to Central Asia than to South Russia. But such local individuality in no way destroys the close, stylistic affinity of this phase of culture in the Altai to the art of the Russian Scyths, and justifies the use of the term Scythian for it. The imported articles discussed below show that here, as on the fringes of Greek and Persian dominion, the Steppe style appears alongside urban products, imported in this case from China and the Near East, while the repertory of its motifs is clearly influenced by the latter.

The question of the race of those buried here is more obscure. Herodotus places the Iyrkia, a tribe related to the Royal Scyths of South Russia, east of the Aral Sea; but it may be suspected that any Scythian, i.e., European, racial element lying as far to the east as the Altai must have constituted a minority alongside a majority of Mongolian or Hunnish race. The occupants of the Pazyryk tombs are, in fact, mixed. Some, like the woman of the second burial-mound mentioned above, are quite European in features, while others, like the lady's husband in the same grave, have the broad features of the Mongol.

Our illustrations and the commentary on them are devoted to the luxurious imports found in the fifth burial-mound at Pazyryk. These objects hold a unique interest for the light they throw on Scythian contacts with the countries of their manufacture. First in importance comes the patterned carpet of knotted sheared pile (Fig. 10). It was found in the saddlery buried with the horses of the fifth burial-mound, on one of which it had descended to serve as a saddle. It is 1.83 by 2 metres (6 ft. by 6½ ft.) and 2 mm. (¾ ins. thick), and as the excavator assesses that there are 3600 knots per 10 sq. cms. (1½ sq. ins.), it is of fairly fine work. The design shows a border of griffins, then a procession of Persian cavaliers alternately riding and leading their horses (Fig. 11.) They wear the characteristic Persian head-dress, the ends of

which were folded round the mouth and the peak of which fell sideways; for the only Persian permitted to have an upright peak was the Great King. Next comes a row of spotted stags (Fig. 12), then griffins, and a sort of quatrefoil pattern derived from Assyrian palmettes. Carpets were made and used in various centres of the Persian Empire, at Sardis, Babylon and elsewhere, quite certainly in continuance of a long Oriental tradition going back at least to Assyrian times, an eighth-century B.C. example of which, carved in stone, is shown for comparison (Fig. 2). They are mentioned by Greek writers, who regarded them as Oriental luxuries. Their word (*tapetes*) still survives into modern times in French. Nevertheless, before these excavations not the smallest fragment of these carpets from the ancient East survived. It is not possible to say where this splendid piece was made, nor, until a detailed publication of it appears in which the knotting technique is described, to consider in what relation it stands to later traditions of carpet-making. One is tempted, however, to suggest that it may have been made in Sardis, where, according to Xenophon, a Royal factory manufactured carpets for the exclusive use of the Persian King.

(Continued overleaf.)

TEXTILES, WOOD AND LEATHER PRESERVED IN ICE SINCE THE 5TH CENTURY B.C



FIG. 4. PART OF A SPLENDID TAPESTRY OF FINE WOOL, OF PERSIAN ORIGIN, SHOWING TWO GREATER AND TWO LESSER QUEENS SACRIFICING AT AN INCENSE ALTAR: REPEATED WITH VARIATIONS.

Continued.

Another important textile was a splendid tapestry of fine wool made up in squares, joined together by an intervening braid. It was found cut up into pieces to make the edges of a horse-cloth. It shows scenes, repeated in different colours, of two Queens wearing veils and two lesser Queens making sacrifice at an incense altar (Fig. 4). Just such scenes are known on Persian seals. Backgrounds are light brown or blue; against the former, the women wear yellow and red; on the latter, yellow and brown garments, with blue and brown censor. Their flesh is white, their eyes brown and hair blue. Their dresses are decorated with squares of different pattern, a technique known in Armenia and actually represented on a piece in this grave. The weaving is of a fineness of 22 by 24 threads per cm. ($\frac{1}{2}$ in.). This fabric was made with double-sided weaving, the pattern being carried out with fine polychrome threads of the weft on a warp of fine twisted wool. No two designs are exactly alike in detail, as naturally happens in tapestry weaving. The third principal textile was found sewn on to the chest cloth of the same saddle (Fig. 3). It shows part of a row of roaring lions passant with manes either blue or brown or red, and fore-leg either red or blue, blue tail tufts, white or light yellow bodies, all against a light blue background. The border of triangles is brown and blue. Similar beasts are represented in stone in the canopy over the throne of Artaxerxes or on the actual garment of Xerxes at Persepolis. This present piece is said to be manufactured in exactly the same way as the last; indeed, may have come from the same workshop. It is clear that all these fine pieces are Persian Royal fabrics of about 450 B.C., either

(Continued below.)

Continued. homes of Altai chieftains. The figures are formed of applied patches of coloured felt. In style it has points of resemblance with the Animal-art, for example, the stylisation of the antlers on the head and the elaboration of the tail and the spiral of the ear, but it is chiefly remarkable for its departure from that style. The bonds of animal-style pattern have been broken in favour of a kind of realism, which has the awkwardness of an innovation incompletely conceived and reverting in detail to conventional abstractions. The foreign air which this composition wears in the Altai is not accidental. The conception of a winged being, half-lion, half-human, must come from the Ancient Near East, where the closest parallel to this form is the elaborate head-dress found worn by a Hittite sphinx at the palace of Bogaz-Köy. The treatment of the wing resembles that on a bronze griffin from Bactria in the British Museum. The female sphinx, though not, as suggested by the excavator, absent from Persian monuments, is at least uncommon, so that its presence here suggests a contact between the

(Continued below.)



FIG. 5. A FELT WALL-HANGING FROM THE TOMB, OF GREAT INTEREST BUT CRYPTIC SIGNIFICANCE. THE SEATED FIGURE MAY BE LINKED WITH HERODOTUS' BALD-HEADED ARGIPPEANS.

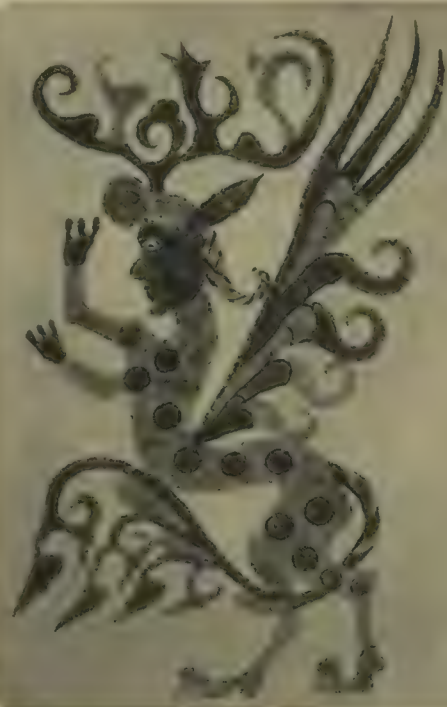


FIG. 6. A MYSTERIOUS SPHINX FIGURE IN A WALL-HANGING OF FELT ON FELT. IT SHOWS SIGNS OF SCYTHIAN "ANIMAL ART," BUT THE FACE IS UNUSUALLY REALISTIC; AND IT MAY REPRESENT A PRIEST (SHAMAN).



FIG. 7. A SUMPTUOUS SADDLE FOUND IN THE FIFTH BURIAL, EXACTLY PRESERVED BY 2500 YEARS OF FREEZING. OF FELT AND LEATHER, WITH ELABORATE ANIMAL MOTIFS AND WOODEN STRAP-FITTINGS.



FIG. 8. REMAINS OF THE LIGHT FOUR-WHEELED CHARIOT FOUND IN THE FIFTH GRAVE. ITS CONSTRUCTION RECALLS THE CHINESE CHARIOTS OF THE HAN DYNASTY, THOUGH THESE WERE GENERALLY TWO-WHEELED.

Continued.

captured or received as a gift to decorate the equipage of a buried nomad King. The revelation of these pieces is of the greatest importance in the history both of Oriental art and early Greek vase-painting, which has long been thought to have been influenced by imported Oriental textiles. The Chinese textile found in the fifth Pazyryk grave is described as resembling tussore silk. The principal motif of its embroidered decoration shows pheasants perched on blossoming sprays, or running vigorously between them. The walls of the burial chamber of the fifth grave were covered at the time of the funeral with a hanging of felt decorated with repeated motifs of a sphinx-like creature and a bird. From the fragments which remained after the entry of tomb-robbers, a complete reconstruction of the sphinx has been made (Fig. 6). Felt is a characteristic material of the nomads, and it can hardly be doubted that this tomb-hanging was made locally, and resembles hangings used to decorate the

(Continued top, centre.)

Continued.

Altai and the Anatolian West. Once launched into Asia, an extremely individual motif of this kind may well have survived for centuries among the nomads, adapted in some measure to local superstition and mythology. That this indeed happened is suggested by the development of the volutes over the head into antlers. The antlered god, or priest (*shaman*) can be traced back in Siberia to a remote period, being found depicted in a rock-drawing in Trans-Baikalia, which is believed to be of Neolithic age. As recently as the nineteenth century a *shaman* in the Yenisei region was found to be wearing a crown of antlers modelled in iron. The antlers were said to denote the capacity to pass rapidly through the sky—a talent which enabled the *shaman* to consult the gods and the spirits of the dead. The face of the Altai sphinx, with its Armenoid cast of features, is a notable approach to realism. Bright colours are used in the composition: the face is brown, with black details and pink for the animal-like ear; the head-dress is blue, brown and yellow; the dress blue, with reddish rosettes; the antlers red and yellow, and the wings red, yellow and blue, with black tips. Another felt wall-hanging executed in the same technique was found in the north end of the fifth Pazyryk pit. It measures about 12 ft. by 18 ft. (3.66 m. by 5.49 m.) or more, sufficient to cover the entire burial of horses, cart and chariot, if that is how it was used here. The hanging is covered with numerous appliques of coloured felt, the chief pattern being the scene of a horse and rider standing before an august figure seated on a throne, beyond which appears a "tree of life," stylised in a manner similar to the antlers and tail of the sphinx (Fig. 5). An explanation of the scene can only be guessed at. The rider is a warrior. His equipment resembles that known from representations of Scythians found

(Continued opposite, centre.)

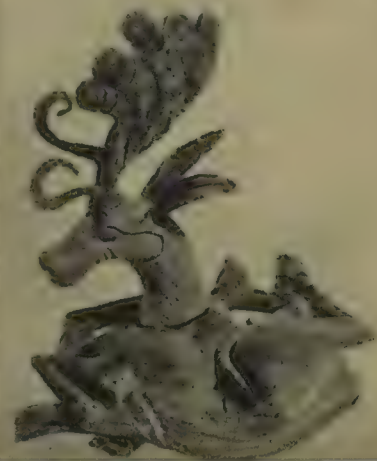
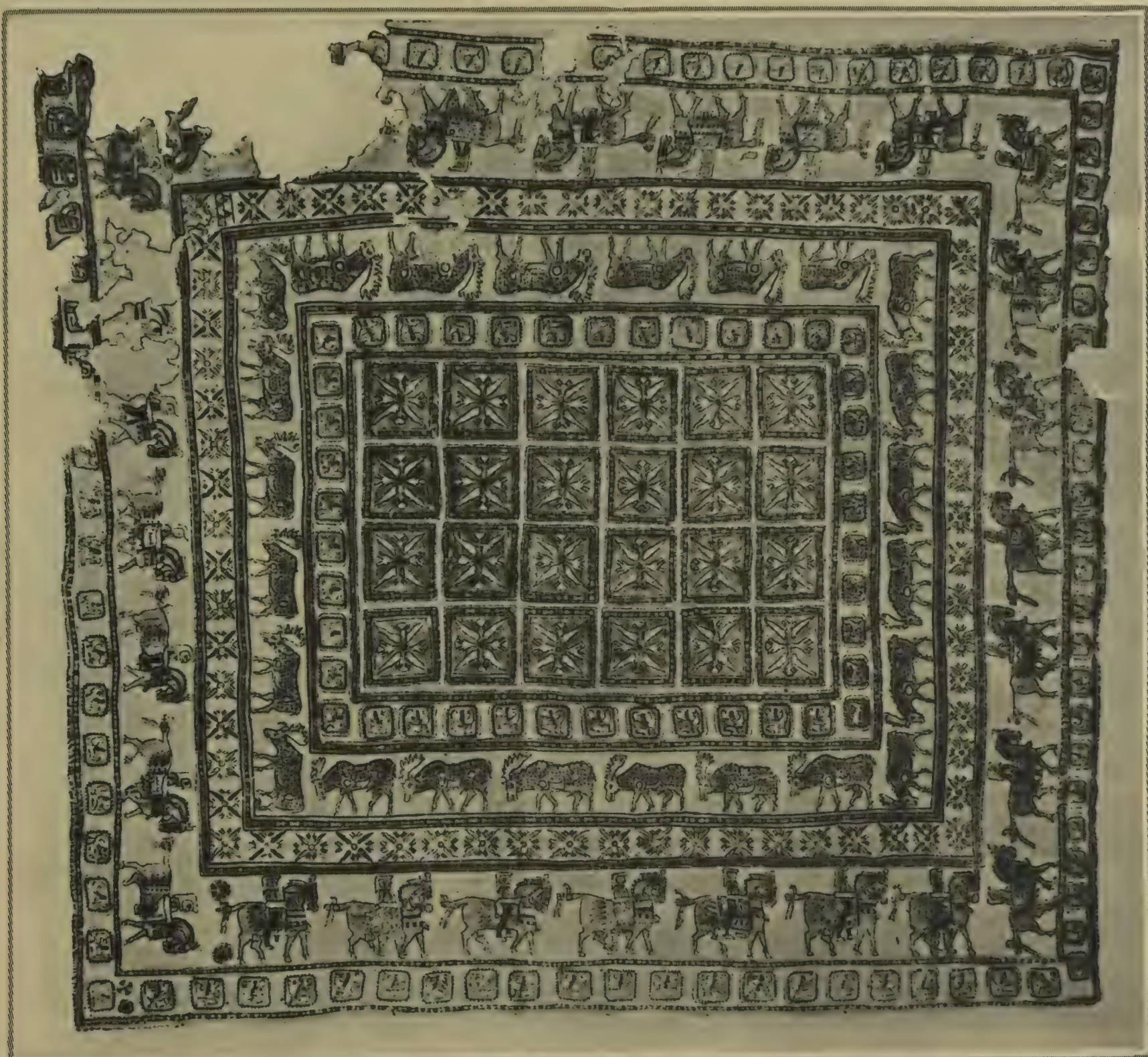


FIG. 9. A TYPICAL EXAMPLE OF THE ANIMAL ART OF THE NOMADS OF PAZYRYK: THE HEAD OF A DEER IN WOOD, WITH ANTLERS OF LEATHER.

THE WORLD'S OLDEST PERSIAN CARPET PRESERVED IN ICE FOR 2400 YEARS.



FIGS. 10, 11 AND 12. THE OLDEST PERSIAN CARPET IN THE WORLD AND THE MOST ASTONISHING DISCOVERY TO BE MADE AT PAZYRYK. ALMOST PERFECTLY PRESERVED BY PERPETUAL ICE, IT MEASURES 6 FT. BY 6½ FT. BELOW IT ARE SHOWN DETAILS OF THE PRINCIPAL MOTIFS, SPOTTED STAGS AND ALTERNATE WALKING GROOMS AND MOUNTED HORSEMEN.

Continued. in South Russia; for example, the silver vase from the Chertomlyk burial-mound, with a short tunic, narrow trousers and soft boots. The

(Continued below.)



Continued.

close-fitting upright collar of the tunic (if that is what is depicted) and the cloak flying free behind, are new features. The horse is tall and of light build, like the geldings found buried in the grave, and its saddle and trappings are exactly matched among the grave goods. The seated figure with shaven head and large hat may, as the excavator thinks, represent a goddess in the act of confirming a chieftain in his office, but both the sex and the divine character of the personage are uncertain. The moulded legs of the throne suggest lathe turning, a technique unknown to the nomads. The very appearance of a chair is unusual, for none was found in the grave, and its shape is ultimately Assyrian in origin. The "tree of life," or the pillar at the world's centre, where gods, men and ghosts may pass to and fro between their respective spheres, is a conception widespread in the shamanistic lore of Asia. Another possible explanation which we would suggest is that this may illustrate the Scythian tribe of Argippæans who, according to Herodotus, were said to be bald, to live each under trees, to have acted as judges between their neighbours and to have offered asylum to fugitives who came to them. A brief account cannot include a description of the sumptuous clothing, saddles, bridles and personal gear which the excavations yielded. But something more must be said of the wheeled vehicles. Remains of massive four-wheeled carts had been found in all the Pazyryk mounds previously excavated. It is presumed that they were used to transport the dead and their belongings. But in the fifth Pazyryk grave there were also found, as stated above, the well-preserved fragments of a light chariot of complicated construction (Fig. 8), with four wheels built of finely-worked hubs and spokes and slender rims, over 150 mm. in diameter.



A pair of horses was linked on either side of a freely moving shaft by means of a yoke, and another pair, the outrunners, by means of traces. The short description of the chariot published thus far by the excavator seems to indicate that its design follows the Chinese tradition; and such glimpses as the published photographs provide call to mind Chinese chariots of the Han Dynasty, although those are generally two-wheeled. Considering the high value of the articles of import found in the grave, it is possible that the chariot also was acquired by trade, capture, or as a diplomatic gift, from the Chinese. Rudenko, however, believes that the chariot is of local manufacture. Thus the Pazyryk tumuli contain objects contemporary, at least in part, with the famous gold "Treasure of the Oxus" in the British Museum (fifth to third century B.C.), and the mixture of Persian and "Scythian" elements is somewhat similar. The Pazyryk graves, however, show not merely the effects of Achæmenid culture passing perhaps through both Caucasus and Bactria, but also the beginning of Chinese penetration under the Han Emperors, which has been known already from Chinese literature. These imports of silks and chariots to Mongolia were the beginnings of the famous silk trade routes to the West, by which precious Chinese fabrics became by Hellenistic times an important factor in the luxury of the Mediterranean upper classes. The new Pazyryk textiles by their early date outstrip in importance even the magnificent carpets and coverings recovered by the Kozlov expedition at Noin Ula: for, except for a couple of pieces from Egypt and the Ukraine, where some Greek woollen fragments of the fourth century B.C. were found, no such early figured textiles were hitherto known.



A PAGE FOR COLLECTORS. LOYAL CERAMICS.

By FRANK DAVIS.

AS already noted in previous articles the painters of English Delft dishes were more remarkable for enthusiasm than for skill as draughtsmen. We can also say that on the whole they are more at home with men than they are with women. Here in Fig. 1 is a formal portrait of Queen Anne holding orb and sceptre, with the crown tilted rakishly at the back of her head. I confess to a great liking for these blue dash chargers,



FIG. 1. DEPICTING QUEEN ANNE SEATED, HOLDING ORB AND SCEPTRE: A LAMBETH DELFT BLUE DASH CHARGER, c. 1710.

This blue dash charger bears a formal portrait of Queen Anne holding Orb and Sceptre, with "the crown tilted rakishly at the back of her head." The colours are blue, green and yellow and it is inscribed "A.R." (By courtesy of the William Rockhill Nelson Gallery of Art, Kansas City.)

especially when, as in this example, the figure is placed in a landscape—bluey-green grass, and the foliage indicated by spongy blobs in blue; parts of the dress, the crown, orb and sceptre are yellow. There is no possible suspicion here that the potter has allowed his sense of fun to run away with him as in some of the slip-ware dishes from Staffordshire; this is a serious attempt at the grand manner. You may feel that he has failed by academic standards, but there is something rather charming in such a failure, and what he lost in skill he more than made up by his obvious sincerity.

I defy anyone to feel any great affection for the first two Georges; the second, we are told, had the manners and habits of a drill sergeant (old style), but some unknown Staffordshire potter soon after his accession in 1727 did his best to immortalise him as a kingly figure, and succeeded in making him look a cross between a circus clown and a mediæval king's jester (Fig. 2). I doubt whether at the beginning of the eighteenth century the design of this dish would have given quite that impression; we are bound to be influenced by our own childhood memories, and I have no doubt that many who glance at this page will immediately think of the conventions of the circus. It is an impression which is reinforced by the series of triangles in the border. This is slip-ware, light and dark brown on a yellow ground, with "G.R.2"

impressed—the G on one side of the head, the R on the other, with 2 beneath the R. This inscription is not immediately visible in the illustration. It is clear enough that the Georges made no appeal to the popular imagination; otherwise potters and glass-manufacturers would have produced many more pieces on which they appeared. The dynasty in its early days was regarded as a business institution necessary for the preservation of the Protestant Succession; it was the exiled House of Stuart which attracted personal loyalties, and the result is seen in many salt-glaze teapots decorated with the portrait of Prince Charles Edward and in many glasses engraved with Jacobite emblems in which toasts would be drunk to "the King over the Water," as the wine-glass was held over a bowl of water. Interesting though these are, they are out of place in this note, which deals with crowned, not uncrowned heads; nor is it concerned with portraits in pottery or porcelain, of which there are a few, in which the monarch is seen not in ceremonial robes. I have in

mind a piece in the Schreiber collection in the Victoria and Albert Museum, painted with George III. and Queen Charlotte, seated, if my memory is not at fault, by their fireside—a pleasant little picture of domesticity. If there are souvenirs of the kind illustrated so far, connected with the Coronations of George III., George IV., William IV. or Victoria, they have not yet come my way—pictures and prints yes, but not ceramics. If any reader has such things perhaps he will let me know. But many people may have inherited a service or parts of a service similar in pattern to that chosen by George IV. for his Coronation banquet in

Westminster Hall. (The traditional Coronation banquet in Westminster Hall was later discontinued. The modern version of this custom is the luncheon given to her Majesty by the Commonwealth Parliamentary Association.) In 1806, when as Prince of Wales George IV. visited the Spode factory, he appointed Josiah Spode II. as Royal Potter, and the design he selected dates from about this time. It is printed in cobalt blue on Stone China and fired under the glaze. The panels and filigree work on the border are enamelled

able to see why; the darker portion can be interpreted as a frog swimming towards the viewer. This interpretation may seem a little fanciful, but you can well understand how the name would stick in the ordinary course of business. Spode II. then adopted this design and called it by this name. What he did not know—and, indeed, could not know in 1806—was that his "Frog" pattern had a far more august ancestry—a little matter of about 3000 years. The proof? Among other things, a bronze mask which I last saw a year or two ago when Major-General Sir Neill Malcolm lent it to an Oriental Ceramic Society Exhibition in London. Nor will there be any difficulty in finding similar monster heads decorating dozens of early Chinese bronzes. Common



FIG. 2. BEARING A PART FIGURE OF GEORGE II. WEARING A CROWN AND HOLDING A SCEPTRE: A STAFFORDSHIRE DISH DECORATED IN DARK AND LIGHT BROWN SLIP ON YELLOW.

"Some unknown Staffordshire potter soon after his accession in 1727 did his best to immortalise him (George II.) as a kingly figure, and succeeded in making him look a cross between a circus clown and a mediæval king's jester." (By courtesy of the William Rockhill Nelson Gallery of Art, Kansas City.)



FIG. 3. MADE FOR THE CORONATION OF 1937: A THREE-HANDLED LOVING-CUP BY COPELANDS, WITH PORTRAITS OF HIS LATE MAJESTY KING GEORGE VI. AND HIS CONSORT, QUEEN ELIZABETH (NOW QUEEN ELIZABETH THE QUEEN MOTHER).

This "three-handled loving-cup put out by the firm of Copelands (the successors of Spode) for the Coronation of King George VI. and Queen Elizabeth (now Queen Elizabeth the Queen Mother) [is] a long way from the slip-ware dishes of two-and-a-half centuries ago, but in the direct line of succession."

in red, with a little shading in the centre. It is finished with gold tracing and with lines at the edges. This pattern, which was very popular, is clearly adapted from late eighteenth-century Chinese porcelain, and has always been known in the Spode works as the "Frog" pattern. If you look closely at the border you will be

conventions can have their roots in the very distant past, and it is a long way, both in space and time, from prehistoric China to Westminster Hall in the year 1821.

My correspondent in Wisconsin who started all this talk about Coronation souvenirs of the past, will perhaps be a little disappointed that they are so few in number. But a demand for such things can only spring from popular affection, and not even Queen Victoria at the beginning of her reign could command that. There was a very different climate of opinion when she reached her Jubilee in 1887—by then the monarchy was not just an institution but a living force; so it has remained ever since, made yet more secure in men's hearts by the sterling qualities of the occupants of the throne during two great wars. Of this warmth of feeling the innumerable glass tankards, china mugs, biscuit tins, and so forth, of the four Coronations since the beginning of this century have provided humble and occasionally distinguished evidence. Their number is legion, far too many to list, much less illustrate. Perhaps there is room for just one of them (Fig. 3)—a three-handled loving-cup put out by the firm of Copelands (the successors of Spode) for the Coronation of King George VI. and Queen Elizabeth in 1937—a long way from the slip-ware dishes of two-and-a-half centuries ago, but in the direct line of succession.

MARY CASSATT,
A LONDON EXHIBITION.



"MÈRE ET ENFANT, 1890," ONE OF THE WORKS IN THE MARY CASSATT EXHIBITION AT THE MARLBOROUGH FINE ART GALLERY. SIGNED. (Pastel; 28½ by 25½ ins.)



"BUSTE DE JEUNE FEMME AU CHAPEAU NOIR, 1890." MARY CASSATT JOINED THE IMPRESSIONISTS IN 1877. (Pastel; 24 by 18 ins.)



"EN BATEAU, LE BAIN, 1908." A STUDY FOR A LARGER COMPOSITION BY MARY CASSATT. SIGNED. (Oil on canvas; 32 by 25½ ins.)



(ABOVE, LEFT.) "CARESSE MATERNELLE, 1898." SIGNED. (Pastel; 15½ by 23½ ins.); AND (RIGHT) "LA FAMILLE." SIGNED. (Oil on canvas; 32½ by 26 ins.). THE LATTER WAS EXHIBITED AT THE MUSEUM OF MODERN ART, NEW YORK, "EXHIBITION OF AMERICAN ART."



"PORTRAIT OF MLE. MARIE-LOUISE DURANT-RUEL." (Pastel; 30 by 25 ins.)



"MADAME CORDIER, 1874." SIGNED AND DATED 1874. (Oil on canvas; 19 by 15½ ins.)



"ÉTUDE DE JEUNE FILLE," ONE OF MARY CASSATT'S MANY CHILD STUDIES. (Pastel; 24½ by 17½ ins.)

An interesting exhibition of the work of Mary Cassatt (1845-1926), an American woman painter of considerable gifts, who had a remarkable career, has been arranged at the Marlborough Fine Art Gallery, where it will continue throughout July. Mary Cassatt was born in Pittsburgh of wealthy parents. She travelled in Europe, studying old masters, and in 1874 settled in Paris, and exhibited at the Salon in that year. Her work was rejected by the Salon in 1875, and again in 1877; and Degas, who greatly admired her work, invited her to join the

Impressionist Group. He influenced her greatly, as did Manet and Courbet, and she worked side by side with Renoir and Sisley. Mallarmé and Pissarro were among her friends; and she exhibited with the Impressionists, and befriended them by buying their works and trying to interest her American friends in the movement. Her favourite subjects were women and children, and she was very successful as a pastellist. Her work has been exhibited in New York, and at Pittsburgh, Manchester, Baltimore and in France.

THE WORLD OF THE THEATRE.

STATE AND CHURCH.

By J. C. TREWIN

A MORE humane Mikado never did in Japan exist. And no more sinister Mikado: the tones have something lingering, with boiling oil in them. The actor is Darrell Fancourt. This season, at Sadler's Wells, he takes the part for the last time. He will be the greatest loss to professional Gilbert-and-Sullivan since Henry Lytton retired. For three decades he has ruled this Gilbertian Japan and made that magnificent late entry, more than two-thirds of the way through the opera. A short part; but Fancourt has established it as one of the glories of any D'Oyly Carte season.

Besides his voice and presence, he has the priceless gift of attack. To watch him "attacking" the Mikado is to watch high tide flooding across the beach: it is an irresistible swell-and-surge. Some of us may find it hard—though it will be unfair to Fancourt's successor, to whom all happiness—to imagine any other Mikado loosing that special whistle (a dragon getting up steam), summoning those "elliptical billiard-balls," or enunciating with so much genial relish, "I think boiling oil occurs in it; but I'm not sure. I know it's something humorous, but lingering, with either boiling oil or melted lead." The true word for this Mikado is his own last line: "Nothing could possibly be more satisfactory." We are saying goodbye now to a Savoy master.

We are also watching the evolution of an endearing Ko-Ko. That is the epithet for Peter Pratt, and it is an important one: without the endearing quality, a performance of one of the familiar "Grossmith" or (as we think of them) "Lytton" parts must always be incomplete. (Forget King Gama for a moment.) Technique alone will not do: the player must have this natural friendliness and must be able to communicate it. Peter Pratt does so. He is agile enough for anything, a neat vocalist, and a biscuit-crisp actor. But he is, over all, endearing: his Ko-Ko is a gentle

light, especially space. This is the right kind of garden; I hope that Katisha will do nothing to disturb it when she comes to rule Ko-Ko's household. (There is matter for a sequel here.)

The Mikado and Henry the Fifth of England might not understand each other. King Henry, my second ruler of the week, is in an Old Vic revival of the play for which its producer, Denis Carey—though he modestly denied it in his curtain speech—must take

the eagerness here is indisputable: the cast, nearly everybody in two or three parts—two actors play six each—doubles and re-doubles with energy. But I did not find it very exciting. The skeleton set, with its woodwork-class effect, was merely distracting—a bare stage would have been much better—and the young actors, for all their thrust, did not get us to feel that they were Caesar, Brutus and the others. There was no illusion in an evening that, in retrospect, was curiously drab.

It is reasonable to note, as the producer (Michael MacOwan) does, that Shakespeare was not interested in power politics but in people, and that originally "Julius Caesar" depended upon its interplay of character. The trouble is that the actors are not experienced enough to define the characters. This Caesar, for example, mingles the mild and the testy. Shakespeare does not help the actor much here, but I felt, while watching him—and his colleagues—that vision was blurred. We are told, in the recent biography of "The Oliviers," that, in the filming of the ghost of Hamlet's father, a little vaseline was smeared over the lens of the camera "to give the figure, photographed in the ordinary way, an indistinct outline." I seemed to be watching the Westminster stage through a film of vaseline: Caesar himself, and the much more important parts of Cassius, Brutus, Antony, remained clouded. Messala (Frank Windsor), towards the end of the evening, impressed me most: his performance had a bite, and the actor's personality did cut through the haze.

So, at last, from State to Church, to the much-



"THE FIRST SET OF KO-KO'S COURTYARD, IN WHICH THE DESIGNER HAS MANAGED AT LAST TO GET RID OF THOSE DOUBLE DOORS—THERE IS A DIAGONALLY-PLACED ARCH INSTEAD—IS AT ONCE GAYER AND ROOMIER THAN IN THE PAST": "THE MIKADO" (SADLER'S WELLS), SHOWING ONE OF THE NEW SETS BY PETER GOFFIN THAT HAVE "HELPED TO FRESHEN" THE LATEST PRODUCTION. MR. DARRELL FANCOURT, WHO IS RETIRING AT THE END OF THE PRESENT SEASON, IS THE MIKADO HIMSELF.

the bays. This must have given to Zurich (where it was done on the way from the Bristol Old Vic to London) an uncommonly good impression of English Shakespeare. There is not a false trick in the production, set by Patrick Robertson with the simplest dignity. It is plain, clear and civilised; Mr. Carey can always flash up a scene of which we have previously thought little; and it may be long before we find again the little passage in the French camp before Agincourt—Robert Cartland as the Constable—done with more sense of the lagging night, of nerves on edge. Elsewhere, we have an adorable Fluellen (David Bird), not wildly Welsh, maybe but with a bubbling-urn voice; a fully-primed Pistol (James Cairncross), and a charmingly fresh Boy (Peter Bryant).

I am in two minds about the Henry. John Neville feels the part, and in aspect he is a gallant figure. A lack of vocal range hinders his eloquence. Instead of the trumpet-blaze we have acute sincerity. This is a plain-man Henry: a man of whose acts "history with full mouth" can speak freely, but one without the almost scalding excitement we have known given to the part. Still, Mr. Neville does hold the play; at the last the wooing comes off with unforced gaiety. It is a Henry to respect; one that will grow. The actor, at the Vic première, was straining his voice, and this did not help in, say, the Harfleur speech, or in the earlier retort to the Dauphin (where, by the way, did we notice something of the Elizabethan effect called "the rebound"?)

After Agincourt and Titipu, we reach the Rome of "Julius Caesar." The tragedy is performed at the Westminster by the young Elizabethan Theatre Company which seeks "to recapture the spirit in which the original production was presented." Certainly,



"IT IS A HENRY TO RESPECT; ONE THAT WILL GROW": JOHN NEVILLE AS KING HENRY IN THE BRISTOL OLD VIC COMPANY'S PRODUCTION OF SHAKESPEARE'S "KING HENRY V." AT THE OLD VIC. THE PRODUCTION IS BY DENIS CAREY, AND THE SETTINGS AND COSTUMES HAVE BEEN DESIGNED BY PATRICK ROBERTSON.

beset Dean of George Relph in William Douglas Home's "The Bad Samaritan" (Criterion). The play should depend, I suppose, upon the affairs, matrimonial and spiritual, of the Dean's two trying and contrasted sons, but I was less concerned with them than with their father. As acted by Mr. Relph, he had feeling, tact, and a wise humour, and I never thought, when he left the stage, that he was merely off to his dressing-room: one of the tests of a player's accuracy. Others in the cast—especially Michael Denison in the name-part—dealt loyally with an honestly-intentioned, but oddly implausible, piece. "Choose your fiction," said Pooh-Bah on another occasion, "and I'll endorse it." But while we appreciate Mr. Home's intentions and his command of the light, quick line, it is difficult to endorse this particular fiction. Only Mr. Relph has our full and ready belief.



"GEORGE RELPH'S DEAN KEEPS THE PLAY TOGETHER": "THE BAD SAMARITAN" (CRITERION), BY WILLIAM DOUGLAS HOME; A SCENE FROM THE PLAY SHOWING (L. TO R.) THE DEAN'S WIFE, MRS. FOSTER (JESSIE WINTER); THE DEAN (GEORGE RELPH) AND VERONICA (VIRGINIA MCKENNA). MR. TREWIN SAYS THAT MR. DOUGLAS HOME'S PLAY "IS AS INTELLIGENT AND ANXIOUS AS USUAL, BUT NOT VERY PLAUSIBLE."

lemur of a man. Ann Drummond-Grant can act Katisha as well as sing her. Altogether, with only occasional disappointments—I am not too happy about the Nanki-Poo—a "Mikado" as encouraging to us as the "Iolanthe." The piece came across with a cheerful swoop, whereas I have known performances in the past that were little more than a brisk fidget. Not, I am quick to say, that one could ever have spoken in that fashion at a point a little more than two-thirds of the way through the opera. "Here comes the Mikado. . . ." And here, in splendour, comes Darrell Fancourt.

At Sadler's Wells he is entering one of the new sets, by Peter Goffin, that have helped to freshen the latest "Mikado" (Goffin has matched them artfully to the Ricketts costumes). The first set of Ko-Ko's courtyard, in which the designer has managed at last to get rid of those double doors—there is a diagonally-placed arch instead—is at once gayer and roomier than in the past. The second set is better still with the wide lake behind it and the sense of space and

OUR CRITIC'S FIRST-NIGHT JOURNAL.

"THE BAD SAMARITAN" (Criterion).—William Douglas Home, discussing family affairs in the Deanery, is as intelligent and anxious as usual, but not very plausible. George Relph's Dean keeps the play together. (June 24.)

"ARMS AND THE MAN" and "THE BESPOKE OVERCOAT" (Arts).—Shaw's anti-romantic comedy is untarnished, and it has Alec Clunes—as the "chocolate-cream soldier"—and Robin Bailey (as Sergius-Hamlet) to aid it. A mild little Jewish fantasy, by Wolf Mankowitz, ends the night. (June 25.)

"THE MIKADO" (Sadler's Wells).—Those odd events in the town of Titipu. Another clear and lively D'Oyly Carte revival (in new sets by Peter Goffin), with Darrell Fancourt and Peter Pratt to adorn the cast. (June 26.)

"JULIUS CAESAR" (Westminster).—A determined, but not very compelling, revival by a young company. (June 29.)

"LOVE'S LABOUR'S LOST" (Open Air).—Once more Shakespeare is pattern-weaving on the lawns of Navarre (and Regent's Park). The cast is in the spirit of the occasion, and much must depend upon the weather. (June 29.)

"HENRY THE FIFTH" (Old Vic).—Another first-rate production by Denis Carey, with the Bristol Old Vic Company—John Neville is a Henry of promise—showing to London what it can do. (June 30.)



ON A STAGE ARRANGED IN FRONT OF THE OLD HALL WHERE IT WAS ORIGINALLY PRODUCED IN 1634: THE 1953 PRODUCTION OF MILTON'S "COMUS" AT LUDLOW CASTLE.



THE BROTHERS (PETER STREET AND DAVID SPENSER) COME TO THE RESCUE OF THE LADY (JOSÉE RICHARD) AND DRIVE OFF COMUS (JOHN WESTBROOK) AND HIS ROUT: AT LUDLOW CASTLE.

MILTON'S "COMUS" PRODUCED IN 1953 AT LUDLOW CASTLE—WHERE IT WAS FIRST PRESENTED IN 1634.

Milton's "Comus," the Masque which was originally produced in the Great Hall of Ludlow Castle on Michaelmas Night, 1634, before John, Earl of Bridgewater, to celebrate in his official residence his inauguration as President of the Council of Wales, was presented last week in the now-ruined Castle. It was given on a stage arranged in front of the Old Hall where it was first seen when acted by the children of John, Earl of Bridgewater—Viscount Brackley and Mr. Thomas and



SABRINA (MARION MILFORD) RELEASES THE LADY (JOSÉE RICHARD) FROM THE SPELL PUT ON HER BY COMUS, WHILE THE BROTHERS (PETER STREET AND DAVID SPENSER) WATCH.

Lady Alice Egerton. The 1953 production was by Mr. David Williams, who played the Attendant Spirit, a rôle created, it is believed, by William Lawes, music master to the Egerton family, whose original music was used, with additional seventeenth-century music. There were nine performances (including two matinées), the last arranged for July 4; and the proceeds are being devoted to the Restoration Fund of Ludlow Parish Church.

NOTES FOR THE NOVEL-READER.

THE NOVEL OF THE WEEK.

"IT'S fitter being sane than mad. . . ." A trite remark upon the surface; and yet how often it appeals to one as the last word! If there were no dispute, of course, there would be no point in asserting it. But actually it is not everyone's idea; many—at least in theory and literature—prefer a wild convulsive strain. This week they can indulge their taste; so can the Browning sympathisers. For here we have a specimen in either kind.

Not that "The Face Beside the Fire," by Laurens van der Post (Hogarth Press; 12s. 6d.), holds up insanity as an ideal. Far from it; reason is scorned and duty a *bête noire*, but the pursuit of mental health is the whole subject. David has lost his as a child; Alex, his Jonathan, who tells the story, has been secure and rooted from the first. These two are country neighbours in South Africa, and to the casual eye David might seem the lucky one. His father, Albert Michaeljohn, is an important man, his mother lovely and revered, their house a rendezvous of brilliant people. Whereas the Fraser background is "humdrum," harmonious and nothing else. But that is all in all; and it is what the other house can not provide. All its complexities are secret ills; though it looks handsome above ground, there is a ruling monster in the cellarage. Albert began life as a social outcast—therefore he had to climb, and make himself a social power. But this compulsive urge was a false way, thwarting his deeper needs. And Mary's "principles" are a false way. She was compelled, on principle, to give up love; so she has taken duty for a god, while underneath, her will has fastened upon David as a lover-substitute.

The crisis of his childhood is "Black Sunday." That day he steals a golden sovereign out of her bag. . . . Or did he steal it? He protests not, in tears of innocence and desperation, but he is beaten just the same. Then Albert dies; and after that David is haunted, though by a nameless fiend. He feels estranged from Mary, and yet bound to her. She orders him to be a priest; he desires fixedly to be a painter, yet he can't say so. Instead, he runs away to England, marries a girl much older than himself (because he can't say no) and rushes into moral decline. After ten years the rot is stopped—on shipboard—by his predestined love; but he has yet to read the riddle of the past. Others might go to a psychiatrist; David saves time and money by simply lying in bed in a hotel till he has thought it out.

The early scenes are very good—rather in spite of Alex, a chronic know-all and explainer. But the "philosophy" is tiresome, the meeting of Alis and her "embattled Boy" is almost too bad to be true, and the whole book is frantically overwritten. It is stuffed full of turgid similes ("The dawn hung in the port-hole like an orange in a Mediterranean orchard"), and at the end, rhapsody runs amok.

OTHER FICTION.

"Fenny," by Lettice Cooper (Gollancz; 12s. 6d.), enters the mind like balm. It is straightforward in a rare degree, limpid and rational, and, at the very lowest, a "nice story." The story of a good young girl, maturing into a good woman. Her name is Ellen Fenwick; and her real life begins in 1933, when she goes out to Florence as governess to Juliet Rivers. These first months are a time of rapture. Italy thrills her to the heart; the little girl is sweet, and the young, captivating Mrs. Rivers a delightful friend. And to crown all, she has a "follower." . . . Then Madeleine Rivers makes a grab—not for herself, but simply to do "Fenny" out of him. Yet she is fond of Ellen; she has a sense of sin, but she can't bear that other people should be happy. And Daniel can't keep her at bay; and Ellen can't put up a fight for him, as he perhaps would wish. She is not used to pressing her own claims.

That is the end of the first summer. But she stays on in Florence, right to the edge of war, and then—because her true life is incorrigibly private—right over the brink. Therefore her war is spent in an internment camp. But she comes out of it with an adopted child, a dead-end kid in embryo. Dino will be a handful to bring up, but he will also fill her life. Even her youthful heartbreak has a late revenge; for by its light she can steer Juliet Rivers out of the same trap.

That is by no means all, but a full story would reveal little more. It would look sentimental, to begin with. The peculiar charm, the truth and delicacy would be lost. As for the style, it is so natural and quiet that even a delighted reader may not observe how good it is. But the delight is a foregone conclusion.

"The Passing of a Hero," by Jocelyn Brooke (Bodley Head; 8s. 6d.), has a familiar theme, that of the schoolboy cynosure unmasked. And I don't like it much; surely it is enough that they should fall, without being guyed into the bargain. Though in this case, even at school the worshipper has double vision. Pryce-Foulger Ma. is a romantic dream—and then the vision shifts, and more objectively he is a lout: a beefy ordinary boy, vulgarly rich, and, somewhat curiously, fond of reading. He is a humbug, too, and his prize story was a crib. When the narrator finds this out, he squeals in haste and feels remorseful as an afterthought: so mixed has been his adoration. And yet the phony spell can still revive at Oxford, and in later life—by fits and starts, and over an increasing gulf, until the hero fades out altogether. It is a truthful little book, almost uncomfortably lifelike and, in an offhand way, very amusing.

"The Ledger Is Kept," by Raymond Postgate (Michael Joseph; 10s. 6d.), might be described as an atomic thriller—though not of the explosive kind. The scene is Chellerton among the fells, an out-station of the Ministry of Supply. Maverick, a Civil Servant, is on his way up to see Henry Proctor, an old friend on the scientific staff. And in the carriage with him is a police officer. They arrive side-by-side at Henry's door, only to learn that he has just died of leukemia. Then Holly comes out with his errand, which is the usual "leakage to a foreign Power." Proctor was thought a likely suspect; and Maverick tells the story of his life, to show it has been misconstrued. Then comes the hunch of murder. Really, the thriller-element does not bulk large, although the cause of death is something new. It is a patchwork tale; but everything is super-excellent in its own right.—K. JOHN.

BOOKS OF THE DAY.

FOR YOUR HOLIDAY.

I MUST confess to a slight bias when reviewing "Introducing Spain," by Cedric Salter (Methuen; 18s.), for Mr. Salter is an old friend of mine, and many of the journeys about which he writes I have made in his company. And how agreeable that company is! There are few Englishmen who speak better Spanish—if with a strong Catalan accent! And there are few who have a better and more affectionate knowledge of the country and its people. Mr. Salter has written what is, on the face of it, a guide-book filled with excellent information and valuable hints as to what to eat or drink, and why you should not over-tip. But the book is much more. It is produced with that real insight into the Spanish character which I have gathered from the author on our journeyings together. I recommend particularly the delicious incident of the American who wanted to make a bargain with the

manager of a car-hire firm over the question of his bill—only for the Spaniard to misunderstand him, to think that he was short of ready money, suggest that he might like to send his cheque from New York, and offer to lend him 100 dollars. The next day the full amount in cash arrived, and the Spanish manager remarked: "There now, I am glad! That must mean that the money has arrived for that nice American who could not pay his account yesterday." But you must read the full story in Mr. Salter's book. As Mr. Salter says, Spain is not a country for ghosts. Nevertheless, he recounts one of the best genuine ghost stories I know (I have myself also seen the yellow note), that of the monastery at El Poular. This monastery, some 4000 ft. up in the Guadarrama Mountains, with a chapel which Mr. Sacheverell Sitwell considers one of the finest examples of all southern baroque art, was for a long time deserted—until Luis Bolin turned it into a tourist hotel where you could stay full pension for £1 a day! In 1895 a party of three Englishmen were trying to reach Segovia on horseback one December day. They were caught in a snowstorm, and it was with relief that they saw the ruined bulk of the monastery. The door was opened to them by a monk, who, belonging to a silent order, indicated to them by signs a cell where they could light a fire and cook themselves a meal. The next morning the Englishmen wished to make an early start. Not seeing their hosts of the previous evening, and imagining that they were at their prayers—sounds of which could be faintly heard through the broken windows in the chapel—they left a polite note to them (the one I have seen) and rode on their way. On the outskirts of Segovia they met the search party which the authorities had sent out to look for them, the leader of which asked them where they spent the night. One of the Englishmen said "The good monks of El Poular gave us shelter." To this, without surprise, the Spaniard replied: "I thought they would," and then added quietly, "Of course, you know there have been no monks at El Poular for over half-a-century." "I believe," writes Mr. Salter, "that almost everyone has his or her own special holiday castle somewhere in Spain, but few know just where to find it. It is there, among the blue mountains, tawny plains and pale ochre cities, where storks gather on crumbling walls to clap their beaks voicelessly at dawn and sunset. You may find it in the wild rhythm of 'flamenco' music flung in the face of a blazing moon by harsh gipsy voices, or in the enchantment of small, rocky islands set in a sea that looks like blue tussore silk." He adds that he really believes that "it is there waiting for you," and I feel sure that this book will help you find it. Certainly it has given me the urge to go travelling in Spain once more and, I hope, in such agreeable company.

A more conventional holiday guide is "Brittany," produced by Messrs. Ward Lock and Co., at 15s. It is of a handy size to slip in a pocket, tells you everything you may wish to know about that most attractive part of Celtic France. The anonymous author is obviously a Breton fan, rightly describing them as "truthful, industrious and hospitable," maintaining, further, that "the political economists of France say that the Bretons form one of the greatest reserves and hopes of the public." This is true, I am sure, but I don't remember any French "political economist" saying any such thing. The average French politician tends to agree with the brother-in-law of a Duke of Brittany, to whom he wrote: "Monseigneur, I declare to God I would rather be the ruler of a million wild boars than of such a people as are your Bretons." The book, which contains five useful large-scale maps (in addition to a general one covering the whole district), is also illustrated by some most attractive photographs.

Coming nearer home there is the Blue Guide to "Wales" (Benn; 21s.). This excellent little volume completes the series of Blue Guides dealing with Great Britain and republished since the war. As far as his medium permits, Mr. Russell Muirhead allows himself the pleasure of exercising an astringent wit. I doubt, though, whether his Welsh readers will be wholly happy with the description of Owen Glendower as "an enigmatic figure who has been both lauded as the popular hero of Welsh national sentiment and condemned as a blood-thirsty tyrant seeking his own aggrandisement." But then I imagine that this book is

not intended for the Welsh so much as for benighted foreigners like ourselves who may be intending to visit Wales, and for whom it will be intensely useful.

The new edition of "The Dunlop Guide to Great Britain" (Burrow; 7s. 6d.) follows its predecessor of 1951, which was, in its turn, published for the first time since 1938. It is, of course, a little unfair to compare it to the "Guide Michelin," which is never out of my hand when touring France, because there are so few places in this country which would merit the French guide's star, or crossed knife and fork. The Dunlop guide, which is excellently practical on all matters of parking-places, garages, and the like, perhaps wisely does not seek to award marks, good, bad or indifferent, to hotels and restaurants.

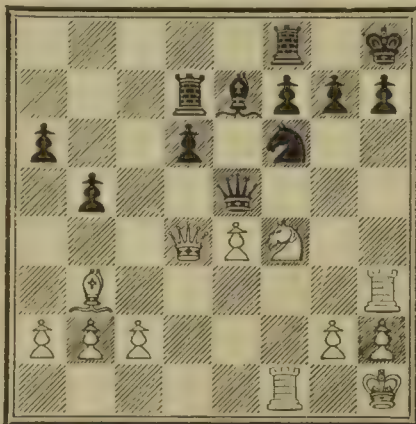
In this Coronation year it was a pleasant idea to produce "Royal Homes," by Gordon Nares (Country Life; 18s.). This beautifully illustrated book is a companion to that most attractive volume, which I have recommended here, "Royal Gardens." Some of the illustrations are most unusual. The author rightly pays tribute to the "great builder-Kings," Charles II. and George IV.

E. D. O'BRIEN.

CHESS NOTES.

By BARUCH H. WOOD, M.Sc.

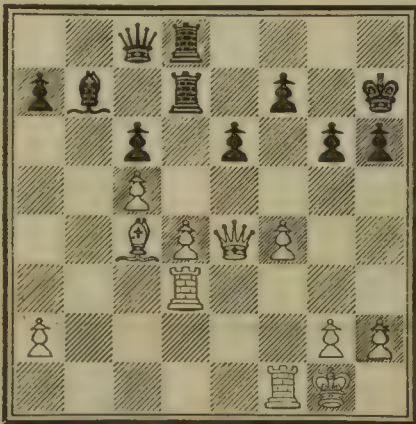
THERE is a curious contrast between the two positions diagrammed this week. Both are from the play of R. G. Wade, who, though his results this year have been disappointing for a British champion, has played some fine games. The first has already earned considerably publicity.



Ignoring the fact that his queen is *en prise*, Wade (White) played 22. B×P! and his opponent (Boxall) resigned, as the threat of 23. Kt-Kt6, checkmating or winning the queen, brooks no reply.

When I asked Wade had he been able to put over any other bit of play as spectacular recently, he replied, "What a ridiculous question!" And it is a ridiculous question. It is the purest of accidents that a bit of play such as the above should actually occur—or rather, the purest of oversights by Black; any expert player would normally perceive such a possibility as 22. B×P at a glance—in fact, in almost every top-class game possibilities as striking are by-passed by the dozen.

Chess is like an iceberg—nine-tenths of it is below the surface.



Far deeper calculation, even insight, was required for Wade's 28. P-B5! in the position of the second diagram, reached in his match against Fairhurst, who replied 28. . . KP×P, but after 29. R×P decided that the rook could not be taken. Both positions attract the eye, but whereas a good player would dismiss the first after a few minutes, he might still be pondering over the second after a couple of hours.



THE TAX COLLECTORS. There is little of their modern successors' ruthless urbanity in these 16th century Dutch tax collectors—from a painting by Marinus van Reymerswaele known as "The Excisemen". Ruthlessness, yes; for the gathering in of hard cash was apt to be a dangerous proceeding. Urbanity was to come with anonymity. A hatful of coins on authority's table reminds us nowadays more of a bank counter and of those little brown paper

bags in which coins are packed. And paper bags—be they carrier bags, vegetable bags, or specially constructed bags for hygienic food handling—are as much part of modern life as the aloof manner of modern taxation. Many millions of paper bags are sold every year by Bowaters and this is just one of the ways in which their Packaging Division makes paper serve modern life. Paper for commerce, art or industry is the business of The Bowater Paper Corporation.

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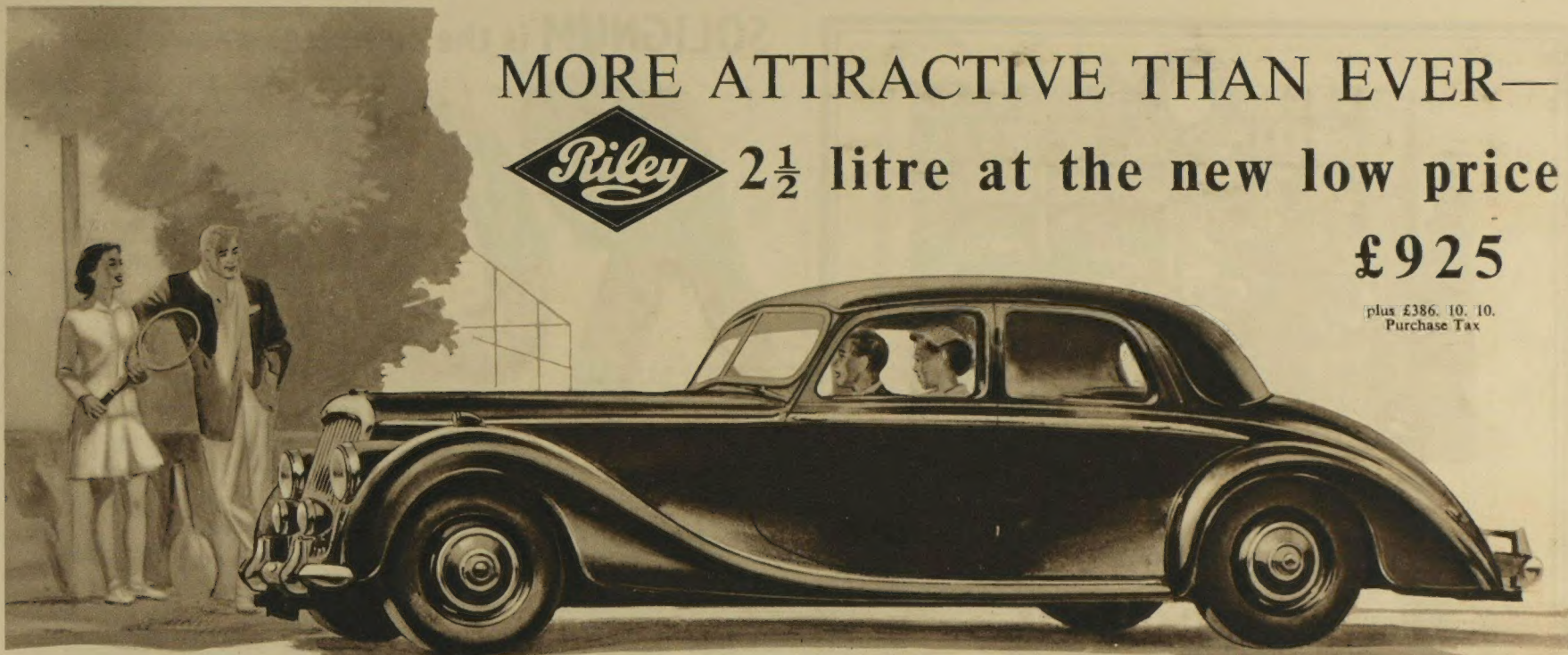
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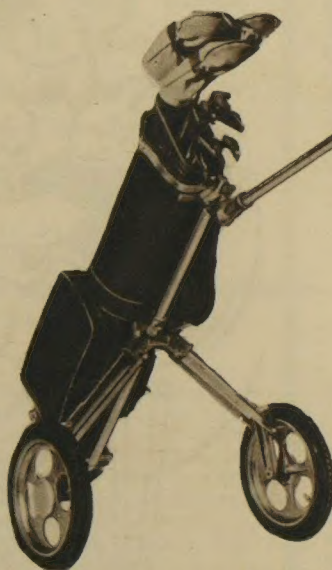
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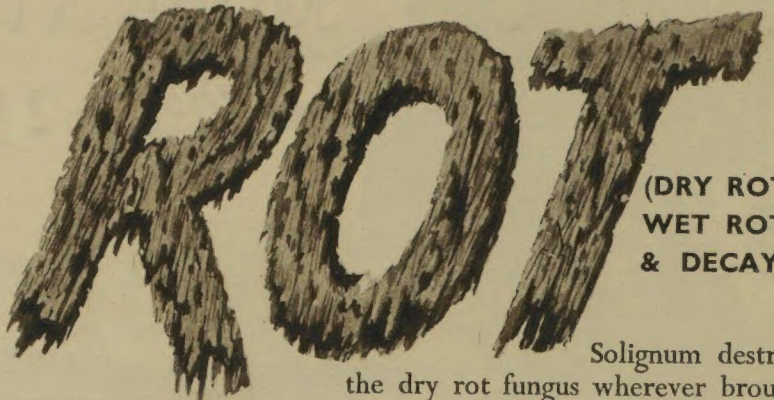
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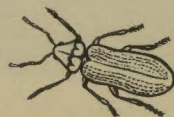
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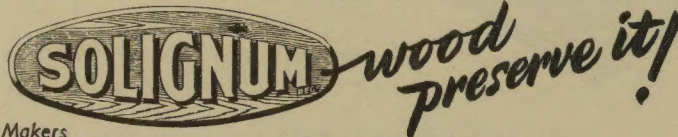
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A specially prepared solution to destroy wood boring beetles, i.e. 'Woodworm', in furniture and constructional timber.

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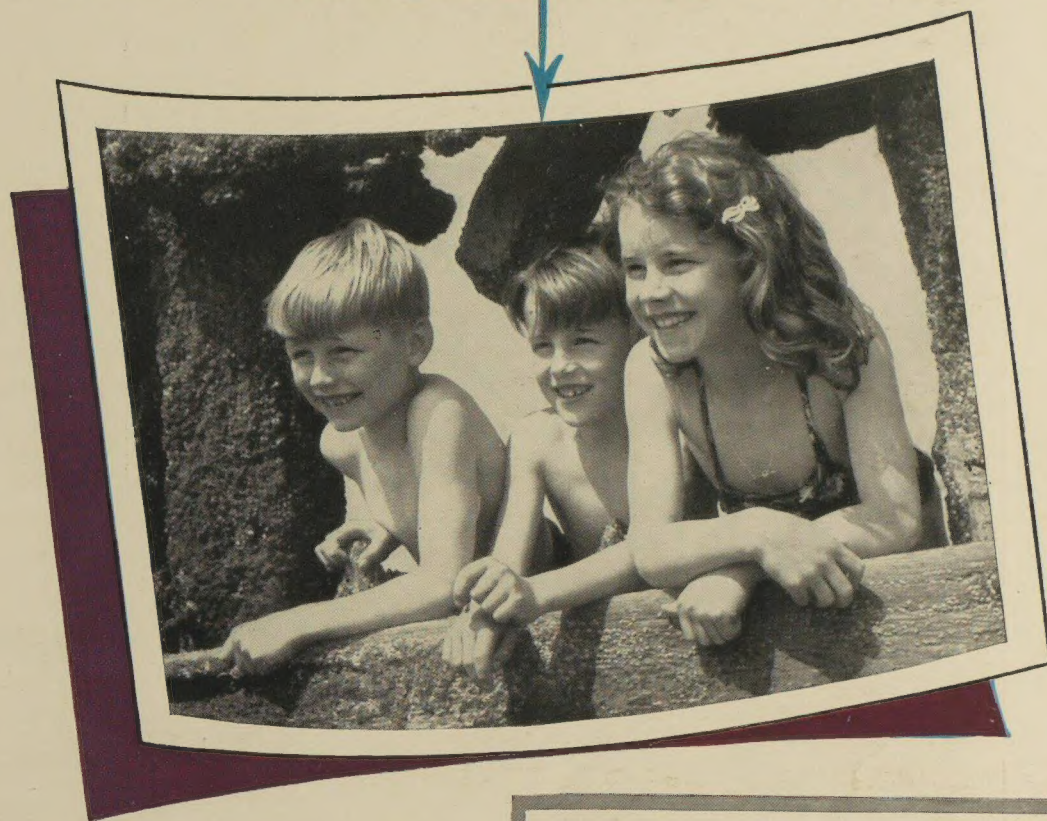
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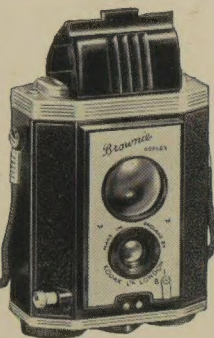
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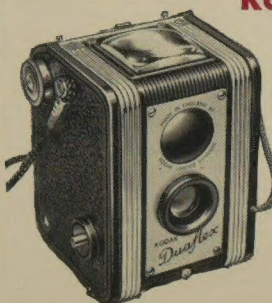


'BROWNIE' REFLEX Camera

Brilliant reflex viewfinder shows the picture almost as big as the final snap. Press button shutter release in handy position on camera side. Fine quality 'Kodak' lens that gets the detail from 5 ft. to infinity. Synchronised for flash pictures with 'Kodak' Flashholder. For twelve $1\frac{5}{8}'' \times 1\frac{3}{8}''$ snaps on 127 film.

Camera with neckcord £3.6.3 inc. tax.

'Kodak' Flashholder 31/2d. inc. tax.



KODAK 'DUAFLUX' Camera

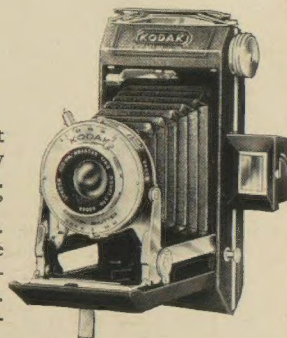
Already a firm favourite for high quality pictures, easy operation and economy in film. Big brilliant reflex viewfinder. Extra-smooth shutter to guard against camera shake. Focused at factory for sharp pictures from 6 ft. to infinity. Synchronised for flash pictures. Takes twelve $2\frac{1}{4}'' \times 2\frac{1}{4}''$ pictures on 620 film.

£3.19.6 inc. tax.

'Kodak' Flashholder 31/2d. inc. tax.

SIX-20 'KODAK' A Camera

A high grade camera that gets the picture in widely differing light conditions. Equipped with 'Anastar' lens—one of Kodak's finest. Press button shutter release on body of camera. Synchronised for flash pictures. Takes eight $3\frac{1}{4}'' \times 2\frac{1}{4}''$ pictures on 620 film.



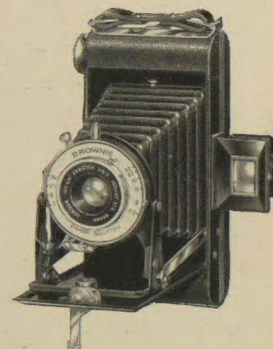
With f6.3 'Anastar' lens £9.12.2 inc. tax.

With f4.5 'Anastar' lens £17.4.6 inc. tax.

'Kodak' Flashholder 31/2d. inc. tax.

SIX-20 FOLDING 'BROWNIE' Camera

A simple, sturdy, folding camera that will serve you for years. Folds slim yet is ready for use in a moment. Eye level viewfinder, efficient and easy to use. Takes eight $3\frac{1}{4}'' \times 2\frac{1}{4}''$ pictures on 620 film.



With Meniscus lens £5.6.0 inc. tax.

With f6.3 lens and built-in flash contacts £7.19.0 inc. tax.

'Kodak' Flashholder (for f6.3 model only) 31/2d. inc. tax.

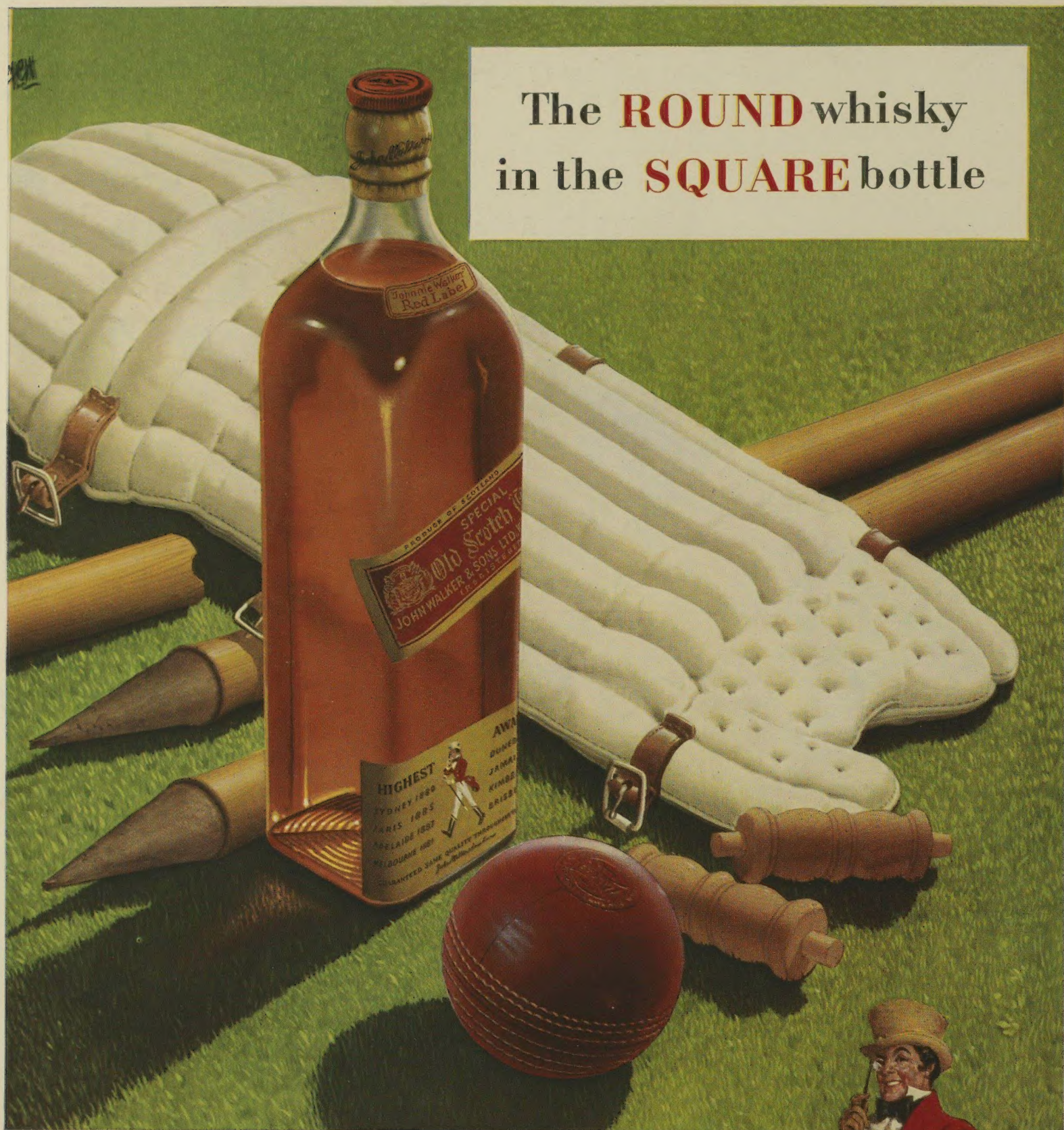
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What you have then is called a 'round' whisky. It's above all a smooth whisky, with a golden mellow glow to it, benignly invigorating.

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